

Film Fun

And The Magazine
of Fun, Judge's
Library and Sis Hopkins'
Own Book Combined

A Monthly Reel
of Laughs

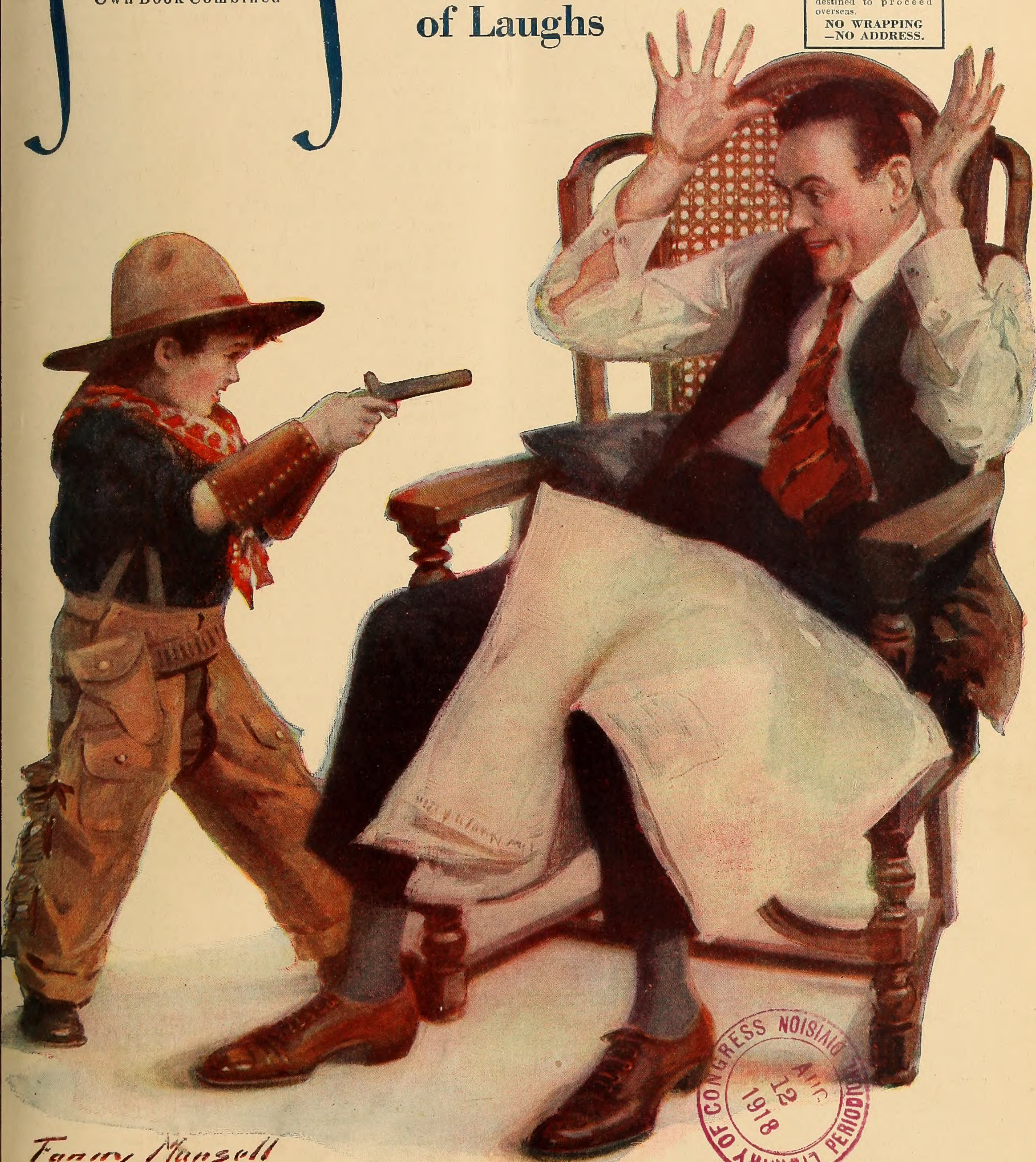
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SEPTEMBER

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Fanny Hunsell



VIRTUE IN THE BALLET



Of all the witches and semi-witches of that eternal Wapurgis Night that represents the world, the ladies of the ballet have at all times and in all places been regarded as least like saints.

Whenever a new, youthful dancer appeared at the Paris Opera House the *habitués* vied with each other in showering her with attentions and in overwhelming her with a veritable broadside of Cupid's artillery.

For how could these young and pretty girls with every right to life, love and pleasure, and subsisting on a very small salary, resist the seduction of the smell of flowers and of the glitter of jewels?

She had the voluptuous form of a Greek Helen and she took the old guard of the Opera House by storm. The very next morning a perfect shower of *billets-doux*, jewels, and bouquets fell into the poor dancer's modest apartment.

He was a rich stockbroker, one of those "generous gentlemen," if the object of his momentary fancy was young and pretty and apparently unsophisticated. And then there was another, who sent no diamonds, and not even flowers, but who was young and goodlooking, though poor, and who worshipped her from afar until that memorable night—but read the whole story for yourself as Maupassant tells it—an amusing story that is a gem of art and irony, a story with an unexpected ending that will do your heart good, and found with all Maupassant's other inimitable stories, his novels, his poems and dramas, in this superb *VERDUN EDITION* of

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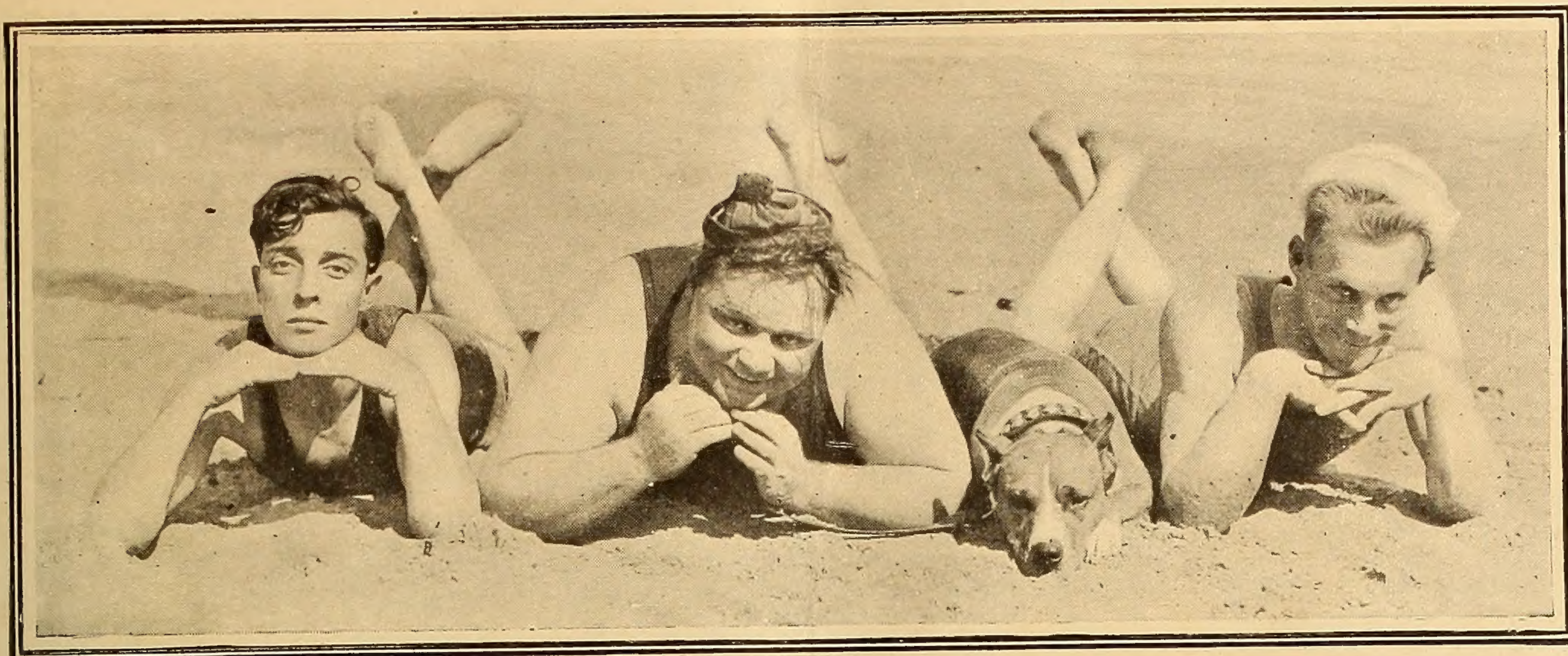
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REALISM UNALLOYED

The petty meannesses of human nature and the passions—lust and cupidity—which stir most men and women to action did not stay Maupassant's impartial hand so long as this ugly side of humanity existed. Pitiless as is his art, at times he surprises us with a touch of tender pathos in which we recognize the warm heart of a fellowman.

GREATEST OF STORY WRITERS

As the supreme master in what is one of the most difficult forms of art—the short story—Maupassant's fame has extended into all civilized lands. Tolstoy marveled at the depth of human interest he found in his stories; Andrew Lang declared he found in him "the tenderness of Fielding, the graphic power of Smollett, the biting satire of Dean Swift, mingled and reincarnated in Gallic guise;" and Henry James hailed him as "a man of genius who had achieved the miracle of a fresh tone."



PARAMOUNT-ARBUCKLE

CALIFORNIA SEA-URCHINS

It is high tide when Fatty's in; low tide when he's out.

Film Fun

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

*An Independent Illustrated Monthly Magazine
Devoted to the Best Interests of All
Motion Picture Art and Artists*

SEPTEMBER—1918

C o n t e n t s

ILLUSTRATED FEATURES:

Passed by the Board of Censors

JAMES MONTGOMERY
FLAGG

Movies from Film Fun's Screen

The Movies at Yapp's Crossing

Motion Pictures Follow the Flag

Your Favorite Location

The Call of the Quill

The Homing of Packsaddle Pete

Seeing Battles Over Again

Her Career

A One-reel Thriller

JESSIE NILES BURNES

HOWARD DIETZ

ARTHUR CHAPMAN

ERNEST A. DENCH

WALT MASON

A. H. F.

COMMENTS OF A FREE LANCE:

Films Rushed to Their Ruin

LINDA A. GRIFFITH

Quality, Not Quantity

X-Ray Movies

Artless Art

To "Register" Success They

Must Rehearse

The Way of the Spendthrift

MISCELLANEOUS:

*The Precious Thing—The Educational Film—The Movie
Cookstove—"Fire the Cook"—Animated Nature Films—
Charlie Chaplin—Overheard at the Movies—Telling About
the Picture—The Humor Test—An Impressionistic View.*

EDITORIALS:

Civic Improvement and the Films

The Critic and the Movies

\$1⁰⁰ a year

Number 353

10c a copy



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THE BOARD

OF CENSORS

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Flash Backs

Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

THE only time Doug Fairbanks is unhappy is when someone calls him "Mister" Fairbanks.

It is easier for Ben Turpin to cross his eyes than it is for Hughie Mack to cross his legs.

Al St. John, "Fatty" Arbuckle's side-kick, is so ticklish that he doesn't dare to dance. Says the floor tickles his feet.

Doris Kenyon says the strenuous exercise in making a serial renders one as hard as nails. Yaas—and then the director drives 'em!

Nature equalizes all joys and woes. Cincinnati, the town that never had a good baseball team, is the birthplace of Marguerite Clark.

A new picture is to be called "Moonlight Through the Rafters." May we suggest that the rafters are supported by the beams of the moon?

The Answer Man says Antonio Moreno was born in Spain and has an olive complexion. Which is about as odd as a man born in Ireland having a brogue.

A critic says Ann Little rides like a boy and wears trousers like a boy. We don't quite get the last part of that. The only way a boy wears trousers is—out.

No, dear reader, Wallace Reid's "The Thing We Love" has nothing to do with your old friend, Mazuma. Never take a title seriously—the producers may be kidding you!

The prize for the best trained husband goes to Charlie Murray. Twice a day, whether at the studio or on location, he 'phones to wife. That's keeping tabs on 'em, girls!

The most beautiful woman in the world has been sighted. She is a screen actress. Her name? Oh, you'll have to guess. Six different companies claim to have made the discovery.

Polly Moran's right arm is three inches larger in circumference than her left. She says it is caused from lasso practice. "Over-development from carrying her pay envelope!" says Mack Sennett, and he ought to know.

It looked for a time like "Hobbs in a Hurry," the new William Russell production, might have to be changed to "Playing Hobb," for three members of the company and Russell himself were injured in the taking of the scenes.

It is seldom that author and director can remain in perfect harmony during the making of a picture. But Harold Lockwood's "Broadway Bill" was produced without a single clash of temperaments. The director was also the author.

Dorothy "Dimples" Dalton had a perfectly dreadful time over her love letters in the play with that title. It should be a warning to us girls, but—oh, shucks! As long as the earth contains lovers and writing material, there will be love letters. And we all like to writem and gettum!

Motion Pictures is the first magazine that ever offered a prize for the most foolish question. We think the judges were right in awarding the \$10 to Frank Dill, of Salt Creek,

Wyo., for this: "If, through war economy, pants are to be shortened, I would like to know at which end and how much."

Robert McKim bet Charlie Ray he could take Charlie's car apart and put it together. He took it apart and put it together—in a pile, thereby winning the wager on a technicality. It required the services of six auto experts three days to reassemble the mile-eater, AND Charlie is "off" betting forever.

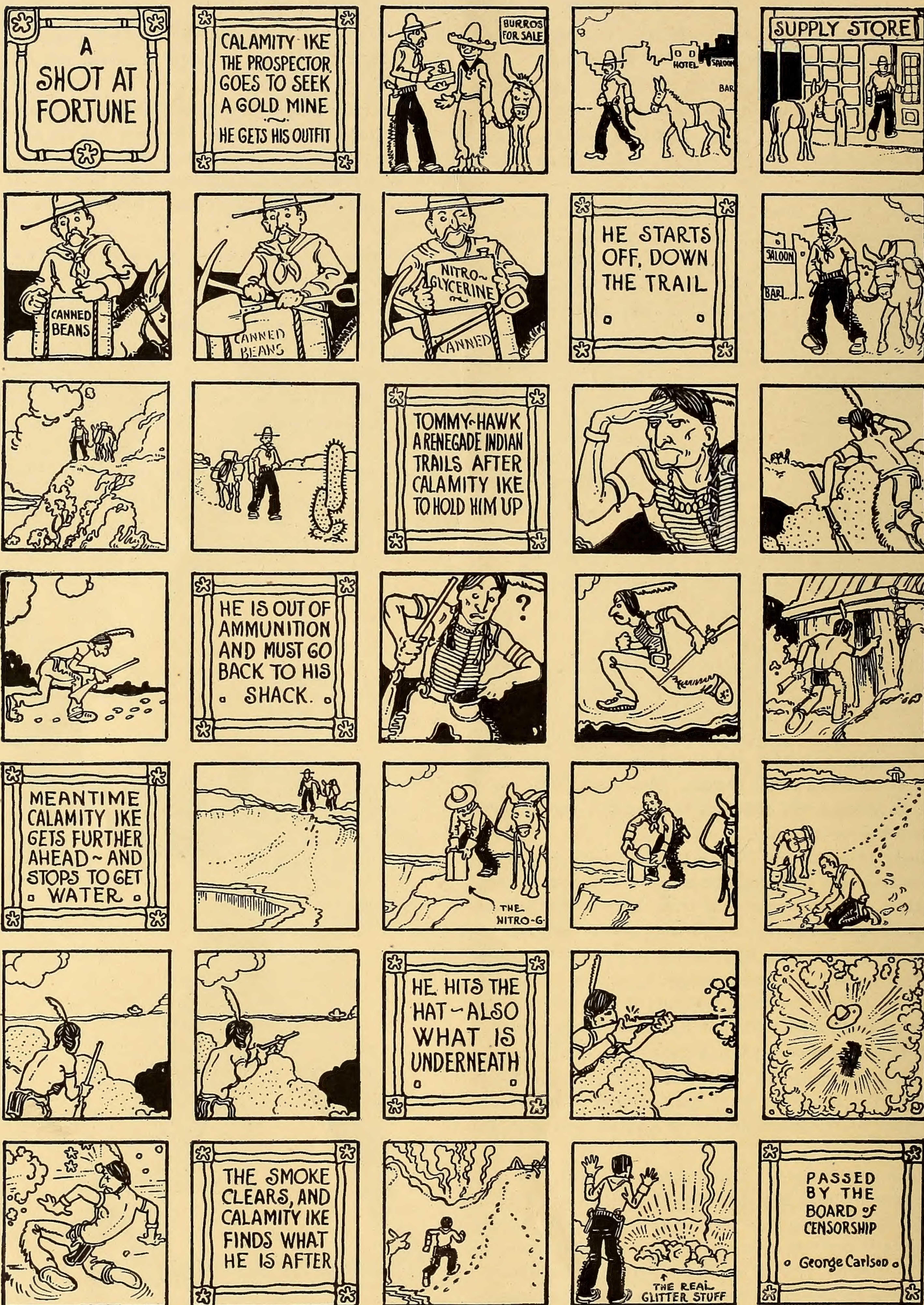
The morning that Wallace MacDonald arrived at the Triangle studio, the Culver City Bank was robbed. The first afternoon he visited Culver City, the post office was burglarized. And the day he started work at the studio, an "extra" was glommed for his Ingersoll. Billy Pinkerton should hear of this.

"Beauty To Let" is the latest play released by Mutual, starring Margarita Fischer. She slides down a pipe from the third story onto the first-story fire escape, thence to the top of a passing taxi. They'd had only a working title up to the time that scene was filmed, but then and there it won the name.



Harold Lloyd has made drilling a delight by this simple device of his own designing.

Movies From Film Fun's Screen



A SHOT AT FORTUNE: OR, CALAMITY IKE'S RATHER SUDDEN SUCCESS



(Editor's Note: The writer, who began her career with the Biograph Company, is well known in the moving picture world. Her latest success was as star in her own striking sociological play "Charity." She



Linda A. Griffith



is a keen critic and analyst of all that pertains to motion picture art, and tells the truth about those who are either striving for its downfall or working for its advancement.)

Comments and Criticisms of a Free-Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH

(Mrs. David W. Griffith)

Films Rushed to Their Ruin

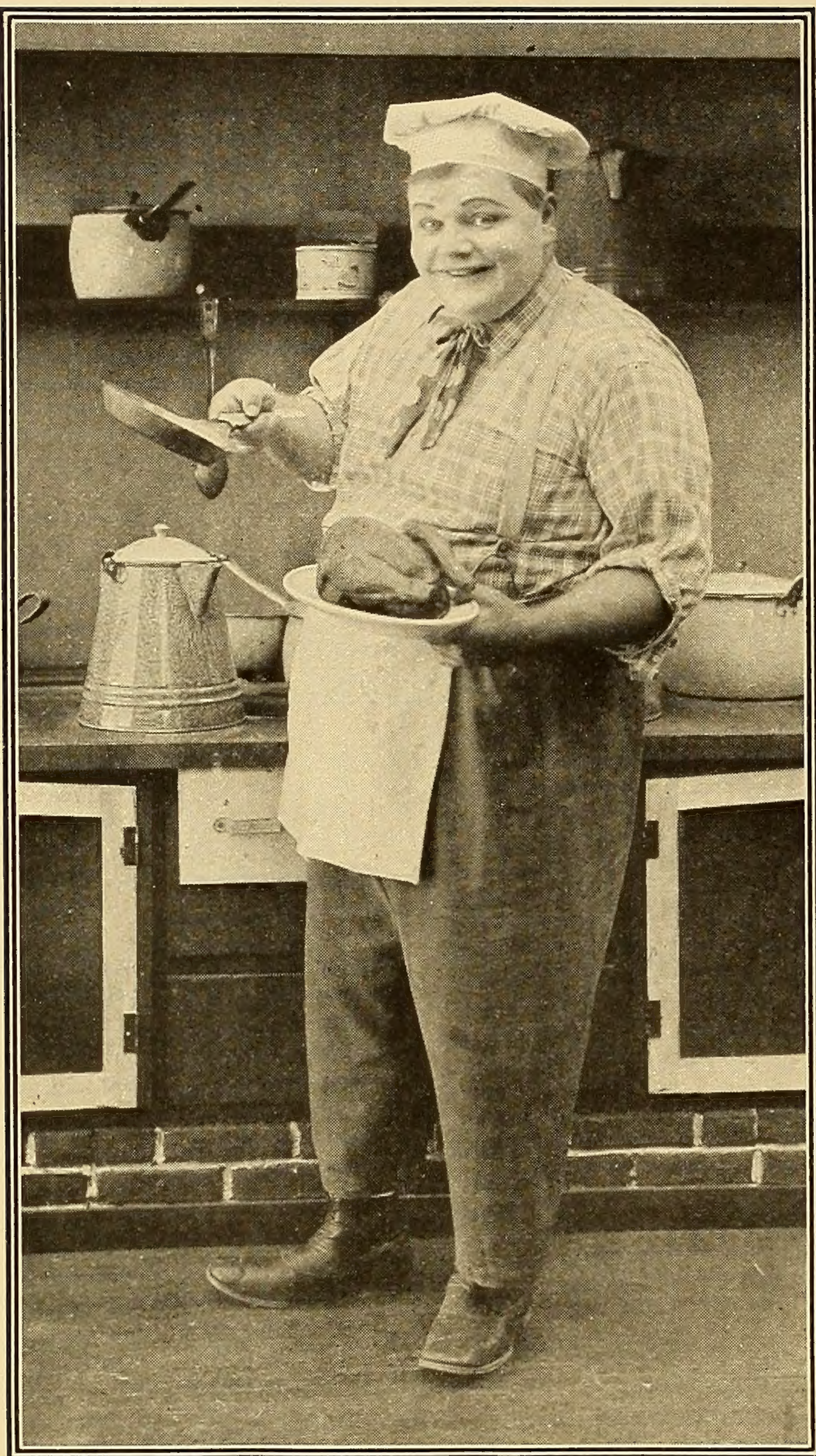
THE chief reason why stage stars have failed on the screen is not that they were not temperamentally suited to the work, but because of conditions.

Many stars have come to the movies to "do" a big picture in a limited number of weeks between dramatic productions. This compels a director to do many feet of film a day, and good work cannot be done under pressure. Neither director nor star has time to think. An actor in a movie, to do good work, needs to know his scenario quite as well as he knows his three-act play. Sometimes a scenario isn't even completed when the actual taking of a picture begins. Some producers direct scene by scene and have no rehearsal of the whole story for the actors before they begin to "shoot." If the 240th scene follows the 17th scene in the taking of a picture, and if the actor doesn't know his story backward, or have at least a script of his own to which he can refer, how can he do good work? If the 18th scene be taken a week after the 17th scene, and the actor has worked in 200 scenes in the interim, and time isn't taken to explain, it can easily be seen how smooth, finished, intelligent work is impossible. Inexperienced young directors who haven't much knowledge of the drama and whose experience is mostly along the technical end of the movies, when given a big star from the dramatic stage to direct, are sometimes quite overawed and hesitate to give the necessary direction to the "star," even when they see that the idea of a scene is all wrong. These directors imagine the star to be "up stage." They expect he carries a chip on his shoulder when he carries nothing of the sort, and is in reality quite a democratic person. Some stage stars never could succeed as screen actors, but a number of splendid actors from

the stage can point their failure in the cinema to improper handling, non-suitable stories and bad direction.

Charles Chaplin has made good in the movies! His previous training seems to have been confined to playing an acrobatic drunk in a box on the stage in a sketch known here as "A Night in an English Music Hall," but in England called "The Muming Birds." He was very good in it. He began humbly in the movies, playing extras and bits, but he made the one affiliation that started him on the right road, and that was "Keystone" and Mack Sennett. E. H. Sothorn, always a better director than actor on the stage, failed miserably in pictures. I recall the deep, fifty-foot sets in which he was allowed to slowly walk the whole fifty feet to the foreground. Let a director do that to the biggest movie star, and the people would soon get tired and say: "Isn't he pokey? Why doesn't he get a move on?" I rather think Sothorn tried to take his movie work seriously, but he had an entirely wrong conception of the movies, and possibly there was no one to put him right. Possibly he couldn't, possibly he wouldn't take direction. Sir John Hare, in "Caste," cinemaed in England, showed wretched direction. The producers weren't even camera-wise. However, with everything against him, his wonderful finesse told as well on the screen as on the stage.

Of the great actresses of the stage, Miss Cram names as having failed in the movies Mrs. Fiske, Ethel Barrymore, Laura Hope Crews, Emily Stevens and Viola Allen. Most emphatically Mrs. Fiske failed in the movies. Could anyone with an ounce of intelligence expect Mrs. Fiske not to fail? In the first place, she is too old. Her directors, fearing this, kept her eighteen feet in the background, and in "Tess of the D'Urberville" this was so marked that one



PARAMOUNT-ARBUCKLE

Many things that the public doesn't know about chefs are disclosed by Fatty Arbuckle in his new comedy, "The Cook."

couldn't tell which one of the village maidens Mrs. Fiske was. These little "fliers" into screenland by stage stars are generally a case of easy money for both star and producers. The producers rely solely upon "name." Does anyone imagine, if Geraldine Farrar were really "Katie Jones," that nearly all the critics in the New York papers would have raved over her "Joan the Woman"? She was physically, mentally and spiritually as fit for the part as Mae Marsh is to interpret *Lady Macbeth*. Neither Ethel Barrymore nor Emily Stevens is considered a failure by the public or producers. But there are many who do not care for them. Miss Barrymore's face loses its womanly expression and becomes hard. She is too mature for the screen, and the absence of her melodious voice in the movies annoys anyone who has heard it on the stage. Emily Stevens, one of the most charming and clever stage stars, falls far short of filling, in screenland, the position she occupies on the stage. She plays emotional parts in the movies and has an unpleasant way of distorting her features to express emotion. She is infinitely more attractive on the stage. Her screen failure along artistic lines is

possibly compensated for by the material things the movies have brought her, such as a motor car, summer home in the Adirondacks and a sumptuously furnished New York apartment. Viola Allen fails for the same reason Mrs. Fiske does, although as a stage star she never approximated Mrs. Fiske. Laura Hope Crews's attractive personality is not of the quality that transfers itself to the screen, and she also photographs a bit too matronly. Of the famous operatic trio, Mary Garden, Geraldine Farrar and Lina Cavalieri, I do not consider any one of them a successful



PARAMOUNT

Something new in girlish coquetry is inspired by Douglas Fairbanks in "Bound in Morocco." From meeting to marriage in twenty minutes, a new high speed record in Fairbanks's love making.

movie star. Geraldine Farrar, however, seems willing to contribute "acting" if the scenario call for it. Lina C. and Mary G. simply refuse. Cavalieri isn't capable of dramatic expression, but the world knows that Mary Garden can act all over the place if she wants to. Possibly she didn't like her director, and possibly working in the movies appealed to her as unintelligent and uninteresting. The flashing short scenes in movie plays do not easily enable an actress to reach emotional climaxes.

Mabel Taliaferro, a charming young actress on the stage, pretty and with a sweet personality, loses these attributes in the movies. Her physical make-up is too fragile and her features too small for the screen to "get." Among those who have succeeded equally well on both screen and stage might be mentioned Elsie Ferguson, Jane Cowl, Pauline Frederick, Billie Burke, Bessie Barriscale and Nazimova. The last made a tremendous success in the screen version of "War Brides." She packed even the smallest nickel theater on the East Side. But she certainly wasn't very beautiful to look at. She suffered too obviously. That, however, she should be able to overcome in future screen work.

Quality, Not Quantity

S. L. Rothapfel, in his weekly program of the Rialto and Rivoli theaters, contributes a page giving his views of the motion picture proposition. He points many truths in these little talks. One of his beliefs, which, I hope, will soon come to pass, is that the movie, in some not far distant day, will cease to be referred to by the number of reels it contains. It, however, is not the director's fault that a story containing material for only one reel is so often dragged out into five. That is nearly always a result of orders from headquarters. I have often worked in such pictures and have heard the bewildered director exclaim: "How in the world do they ever expect me to get five reels out of this story?" In order to get the necessary five reels he must pad, use many sub-titles, give meaningless entrances and exits to the actors, introduce playful kittens and one thing or another. A director should be given a story and told to make it into a one-, two-, three- or five-reel movie, as the idea or plot of the story warrants. I agree entirely with Mr. Rothapfel when he says: "No amount of settings, lighting effects and wild activity can

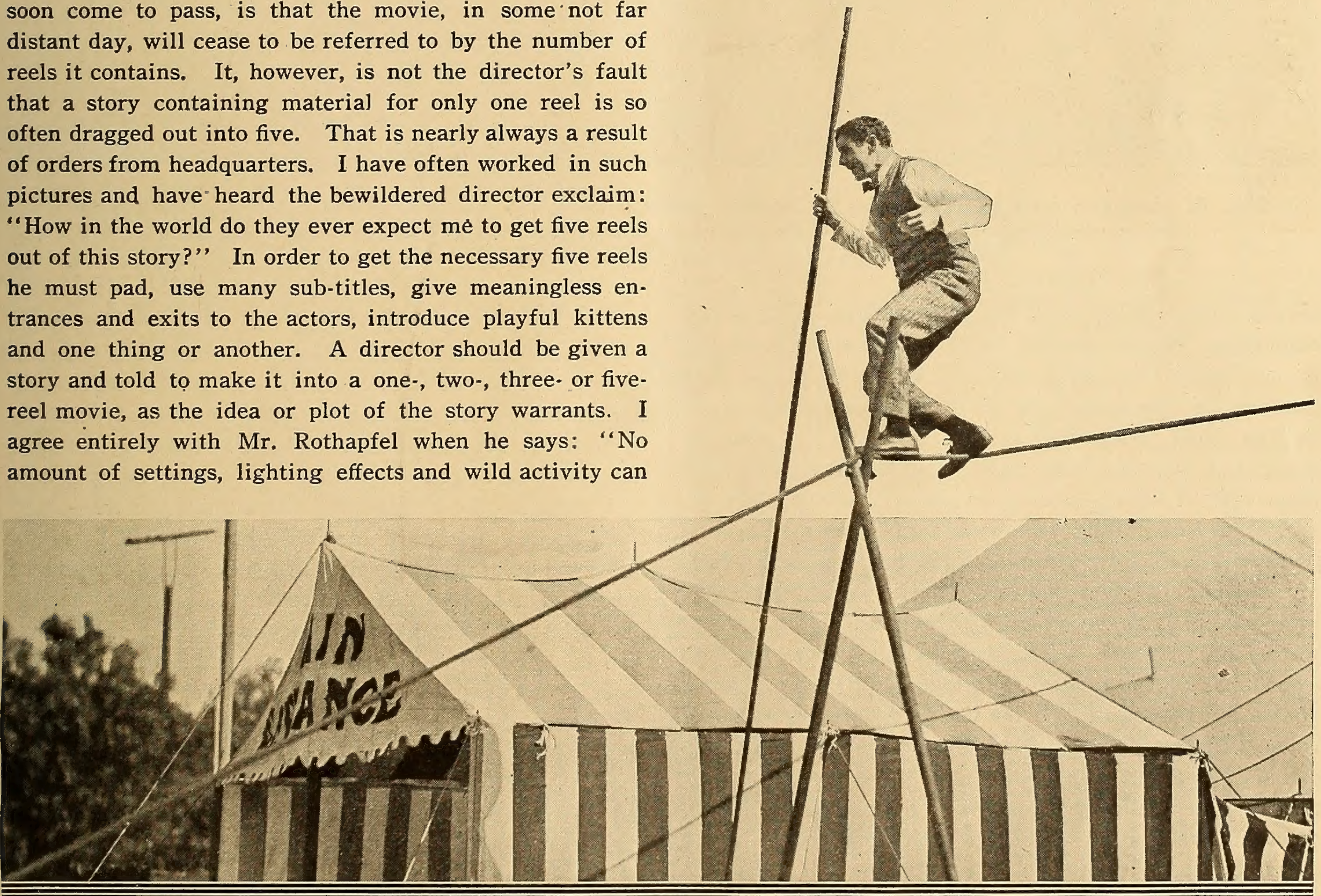
make it worth while to string out a picture beyond the point justified by the story, and the day when the exhibitor advertises 'ten reels for a dime' is about over."

X-ray Movies

Now comes the X-ray movies. Dr. E. L. Crusius, of the New York X-ray Laboratories, has announced that, in co-operation with the Universal Film Company, he has perfected a system for taking X-ray moving pictures, which are expected to be of great service in treating injuries to the joints. Among the pictures taken thus far are illustrations of the movements of the knee, ankle and elbow. Dr. Crusius says that the photographs show not only the bones, but the muscles, and that by moving a joint that has been injured and photographing the action of muscles and movements of bones, it will be possible to find out just what parts have been injured and the treatment required.

Artless Art

David Belasco, in a recent *Munsey*, writes interestingly on the motion picture in an article entitled, "The Movies—My Profession's Flickering Bogy." Mr. Belasco says some very nice things about the movies and some that are not so nice. He draws, as a result of his evident sincere interest in and study of the motion picture, some true conclusions. He states the methods he would employ were he to direct a motion picture play. Much has been written about the competition between the spoken drama and the



PARAMOUNT

Fred Stone making a flying start in his first photoplay, "Under the Top." Fairbanks, and Russell, and Bill Hart should worry; it would require more stars than will ever qualify for these parts to satisfy the fans who follow athletic idols.



PARAMOUNT-SENNETT

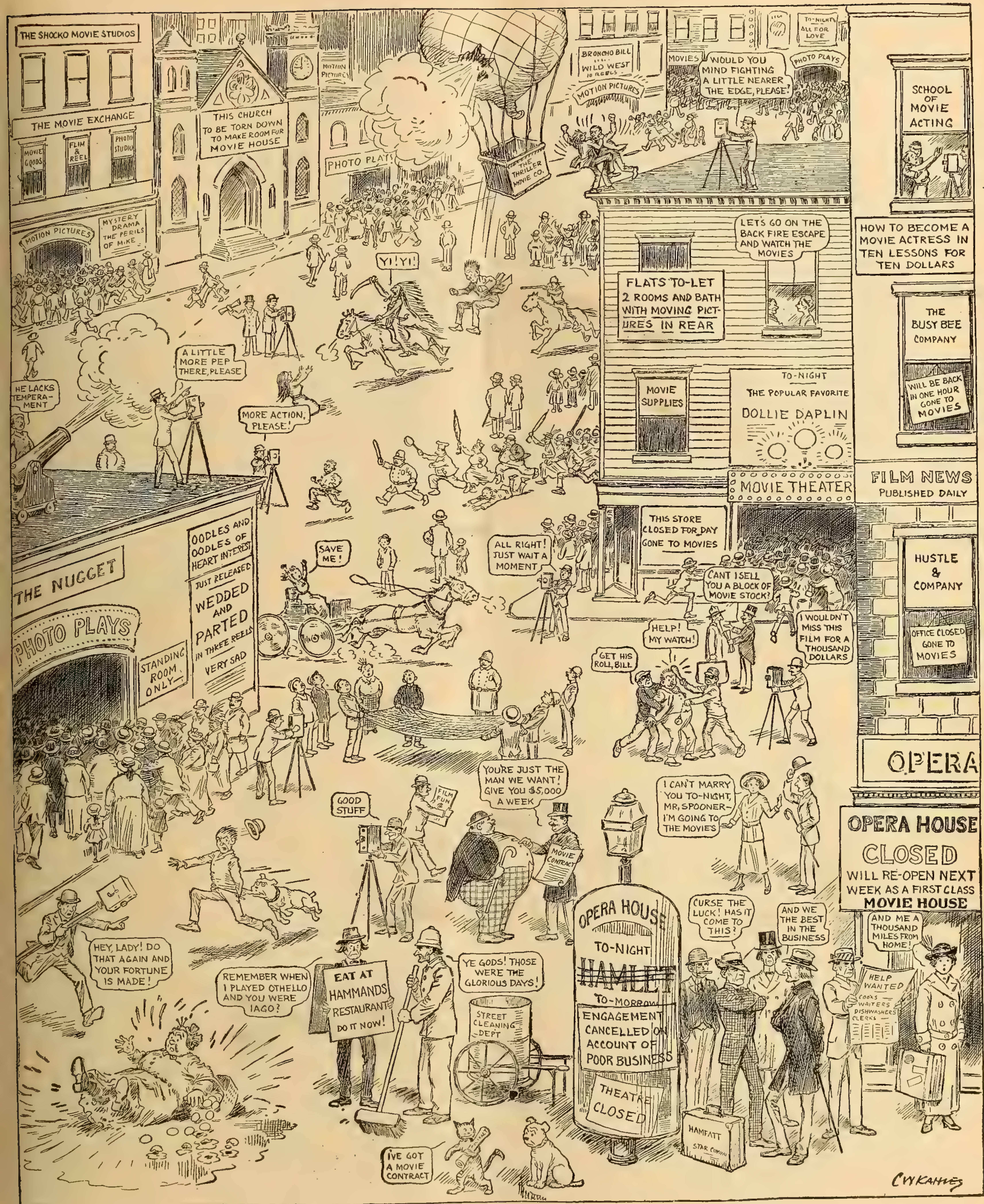
This is one of a bevy of models in the fashion show with which "Ladies First" opens. A dancer, a diving girl, and others, assist the rapid action, and the antics of the audience are a contributing factor in a tornado of fun that ends as it ought.

movie. This competition, Mr. Belasco says, is not a new experience, for the theater, as far back as the Greek and Roman drama, had competition in the form of sports and pageantry of the arena. Of all the articles that have been written about the motion picture, what it has done, is doing and is to do, none have been less intelligent than those written by over-ambitious movieites telling how the movies are eventually to take the place of drama, that there will be no more plays, only movies, movies, movies! Mr. Belasco aptly and truthfully says: "There is no such thing as a menace to the spoken drama when it is actually worthy of attention." No, there is ample room for both when both are worthy of attention. Mr. Belasco pays a high tribute to the movies for their wonderful educational value. But movie producers are not ambitious along educational lines. Somehow they like the story-telling part and enjoy a would-be rivalry with the stage. In this respect Mr. Belasco says: "From their very outset, except when they have been devoted to reproducing scenes from nature, motion pictures have been a parasite feeding upon the arts of the theater. Far from attempting to invent their own medium of expression, they have been content to either imitate or to borrow." But, then, what art does not borrow?

To "Register" Success They Must Rehearse

As to studio acting, Mr. Belasco evidently has been unfortunate in the studios he has visited. In the crude, early days at the old Biograph, movies were rehearsed scene by scene, from the beginning to the end of the story. Sometimes two or three days were spent in rehearsing a two-reel picture. I never worked in a motion picture—and I have worked in several hundred—that was not carefully rehearsed before the first click of the camera was heard. I never had a motion picture director tell me to assume, as Mr. Belasco says, "the appearance and pose of thinking." The actor, he thinks, knows whether his mother has just died, his father been elected President or his sweetheart has promised to marry him. In order to get ten feet of an actor thinking, two hundred feet comprising several previous scenes are rehearsed, so that the "thinking scene" is the direct result of the immediately preceding mental or emotional condition. I have always been given not only intelligent lines, but worked on as exact a cue as ever I had in rehearsals or performances during my short experience on the stage. Scenes in a movie are built up to and climaxes reached in very much the same way they are on the stage. I have seen many movies in the taking that

(Continued in advertising section)



EVERYBODY GOES TO THE MOVIES AT YAPP'S CROSSING



PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE

Mrs. Edith D. Foster editing films in her workshop.

ONE of the modern visionaries is Warren Dunham Foster, president of the Community Motion Picture Bureau, which is the concern which supplies the nine million feet of film required each week in America, and about two million feet a week used in foreign territory, by the Y. M. C. A. War Work Council and the Committee on Training Camp Activities.

Another of the visionaries is E. D. Foster, editor, who passes upon every foot of film required to meet this enormous demand. The "E" stands for Edith, and her relationship to the president of the company brought to mind a belief Robert Ingersoll always insisted upon—that "great men always have great mothers." You will like this story better if I tell it in her own language. It is matter for regret that the printed word can convey no adequate picture of her gracious personality and the enthusiasm that animates her. In answer to our questions she said:

"The bureau was in existence when the war broke out, doing its own work helping communities solve their problems looking to social betterment. It has always realized the value of films

Motion Pictures Follow the Flag

By JESSIE NILES BURNES

in teaching the thing that was needed, and when the United States became involved in the trouble on the border, we found that for lack of what you might call 'centralized control,' we were able to do but little good.

"And so, when war was declared, knowing we had the material at hand and were in full command of everything that was needed, although now, as then, all we have to sell is service and system, we sought a systematic distribution. We were ready. That is the reason our accomplishment seems wonderful. War was declared on the 6th of April; on the 15th of May

following, our contract with the Y. M. C. A. War Work Council and the Committee on Training Camp Activities was entered into, and on May 29th we began work. The system has not been changed at all—only enlarged.

"We do not judge pictures by a preconceived formula. The first thing one of our reviewers has to learn is to look at pictures as the men will look at them, and that all kinds of men, from all sections of the country, will so look.



PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE

This hut at Chickamauga is "duped" in every camp and contonment, here and abroad, where Y. M. C. A. War Work is done.

About the only thing we are ruthless with in reviewing is what we call 'sex stuff'; that has no proper place anywhere. The camps are supposed to be shown each week one comedy, one all-man picture and one one-girl love story. By 'all-man' we mean such stories as Hart or Fairbanks or Russell puts on, that appeal to the love of sport and life in the open.

"The 'one-girl' story has the straightforward appeal to the romantic; we are a bit severe on the 'eternal triangle' idea. Then we have our own 'topical'—a two-thousand-foot reel—called 'The World To-day.' This is culled from all sources and covers in picture form all the news likely to interest the boys. The great effort, at first, is to keep the men—who have been torn away from all the things they are used to and the influences that have surrounded them—normal and happy; to re-establish their balance; to keep them thinking, as well as working, along wholesome lines.

"We review everything issued by all producing companies. We keep two projection-rooms going all the time, from nine in the morning until eleven at night, and much of the time we have four rooms going. Besides this, our representatives attend all trade showings. We've forgotten all about 'working hours' in this establishment, and we don't expect to know anything about 'leisure moments' until after the war. When it came to putting pictures onto the transports, the whole force took hold with enthusiasm, even to the littlest office girl, and it was necessary for several of them to work day and night for several days until each particular job was done. 'My Four Years in Germany' and 'The Unbeliever' are on the transports now and were there almost as soon as the trade had them.

"The work in this country is mostly on what we call the circulation basis. For foreign requirements we must buy films outright. When we purchase films, we pay laboratory prices. The studio cost is borne by the producer.

We have found a disposition on the part of producers, almost without exception, to supply this material at actual cost, just as we supply the service without profit. So far as the war service goes, it is our bit. The Young Men's Christian Association pays the actual cash outlay; no more.

"Of course, it is necessary to be very systematic, and we are. Everything we have ever reviewed we have here accurately catalogued. Every week a statement of the accredited list—that is, films we are willing to supply—goes to the head of every division. The secretary fills in the recreation coupon which accompanies it, sends it to us here for record, and it is then returned to him. In this way the record kept here is complete for every division. Of course, different sections vary slightly in their requirements, but they average up pretty much alike. Very often technical or educational films are asked for, and we are able to meet almost any requirement, for there are films on every possible subject. If these boys want to devote their little leisure to a continuation of the studies which the war has interrupted—and many of them do—so that no time may be lost when they return, we supply the pictures and the Y. M. C. A. furnishes books and conducts classes.

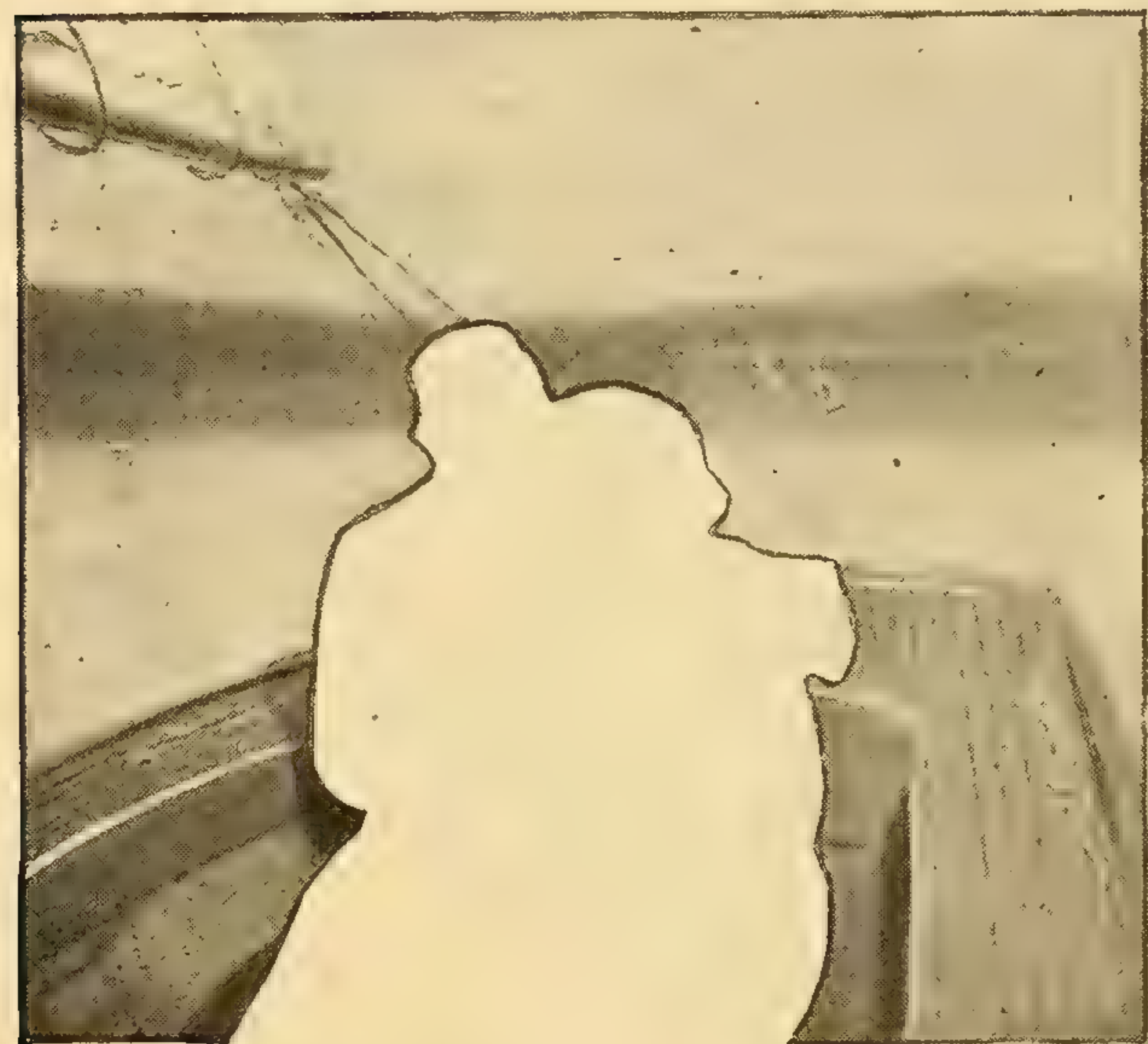
"One of the novelties developed has been a projecting machine that throws the pictures on the ceiling, so that prone men may watch the pictures from their hospital cots. Educational work is also carried on by the Young Men's Christian Association lecturers.

"Quite recently we had a rush order for 125 American comedies for use in Italy. We chose Drew comedies, Frank Daniels, Happy Hooligan, Victor Moore comedies, Billie Rhodes, Keystone, Klever, Bobbie Bumps, Heeza Liar, Mutt and Jeff, Katzenjammers—oh, nearly the whole comedy lot, including, of course, 'Fatty' and all the pastry profession. A worker is now translating the titles into Italian. To sum up, we follow our soldiers and strive to meet all needs of the situation."



PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE

This picture, taken at Camp Bowie, Texas, shows how the silver sheet is sometimes used out-of-doors. The "Wye" tries to provide for all recreation needs. Camp Dix requires nine huts, besides the great auditorium headquarters.



*Fit your film lovers
with your favorite
"location."*

*Golf, yachting, indoor
sport or out, it's all
one to them.*

The Call of the Quill

The latter-day porter is through with his porting;
The brakeman refuses to brake;
The old court attendant is through with his courting;
The fakir refuses to fake.
No more does the erstwhile professional dancer
Attend us with breakdown and bow;
And this is the final and consummate answer—
They're writing scenarios now.

No more does the tramp hit the highways and byways;
The peddler refuses to ped.
These gallant Lotharios now write scenarios
To garner their few crumbs of bread.
The traveling salesman has shortened his season;
The farmer abandons his cow.
The plumber's stopped plumbing—and this is the reason—
They're writing scenarios now.

The call of the movies has reached to all corners—
Society's fathomless niche—
To steeplejacks, truckmen, professional mourners—
The humble as well as the rich—
My relatives, servants, my gossip neighbor—
The merchant, the man with the plow.
(You query the cause of the shortage of labor?)
They're writing scenarios now.—Howard Dietz.

Cruelty to Actors

"Your only applause," quoth a star of the movies, "is the click of the camera." Obviously, an instance of cruelty to actors. Invention should come to the rescue and equip every movie studio with an applause machine, consisting of a pair of cast-iron hands and an endless string of percussion caps.

Shocking

"The board of censors threatens to close up the place."
"What's wrong?"
"Just as the hero was kissing his sweetheart, the film stopped and held them in that position for over ten minutes."

The Idea!

The movie shows appeal to me;
They're very pleasant, but
I must confess I'd love to see
The parts the censors cut!

Anyone not desiring to quote a film star as saying, "It is all hard work, but I love it," has our permission.



Film Fun

EDITORIALS



Civic Improvement and the Films

THE initial step in the right direction was taken recently, when one of the larger film producing companies placed on file with the municipal reference library of New York City data concerning pictures to be used in civic betterment. Municipalities throughout the country keep in close touch, and each is keen to lead in these forward movements, nearly every one of which for the past three years has taken form in a film or gained great impetus therefrom. "What we are doing to help win the war" is just now a topic of absorbing interest throughout the country and to the million of our boys "over there." Many films picturing many undertakings in different localities are being made. If all producers would file full information regarding their films of this class, New York would soon have a system established that would be of enormous value not alone to ourselves now, but to our allies in the devastated countries after the war. It is worth careful consideration.

The Critic and the Movies

IN an article in a current magazine, captioned "Dramatic Criticism in the American Press," James S. Metcalfe says some things that should be of interest not only to every dramatic critic, but to the layman as well.

The decline and fall of the dramatic critic and his disappearance from modern journalism is a cause for regret to every true lover of the drama. But as in the days gone by there were such things in the daily papers as intelligent reviews of plays by writers who had the necessary qualifications, the "education, experience, the needed judicial temperament and the writing ability," as Mr. Metcalfe puts it, there is at least hope that the time will again come when commercialism will not be the ruling factor in the criticism of plays.

As deeply as the present state of affairs in the relation of the newspaper to the theater is to be regretted, what about the deplorable condition that exists in a similar capacity between the motion picture and the newspapers? Where a theatrical manager might use six inches of space for advertising his play, a motion picture corporation takes sometimes a half page or more for the announcement of its attraction. How, in the face of such huge sums as thereby fill the coffers of a paper, can truthful criticisms be expected?

A business house advertises its line of goods, perhaps a sale of hats or shoes or gloves. One doesn't read the next day in another part of the paper an item stating that this firm's "hats or gloves or shoes" were of very poor style or quality and worth half the price paid by the people who bought them. If they accept so freely of your money, they

must say either nothing or good things about your wares.

But what's to be done about the reviews of motion pictures? Bought and paid for most of them certainly are—paid for not only by advertising, but by entertainment to the critics as well. As all the world goes to the movies, the highly educated and the illiterate alike, it is high time there was such a thing as serious, intelligent reviews written about them. As yet the public can hardly be trusted in the matter of judging the movies. If there are to be better movies, the desire for them will be created in part by reviews of them written by those who know something of what they are writing about and published by papers and magazines that are not in the market except at their subscription price.



TRIANGLE

Ruth Stonehouse likes this role better than any other of the dozen she has played this year.

The Homing of Packsaddle Pete

A Tale of a Town in the Moving Picture West

By ARTHUR CHAPMAN

IT was night in Foothill. The little settlement at the feet of the Rockies smiled up at the great, snow-capped peaks, and the peaks smiled back, in turn, winking and blinking good-naturedly in the pale moonlight of early evening.

Not that Foothill had much to smile about, for, until a moving picture outfit established its Western headquarters there, times had been hard—very hard. The big mines were played out, and the field had been abandoned by prospectors as hopeless, so far as anything more was concerned. The stock business had not prospered, and, to make it short, Foothill was in the dumps.

The moving picture business had given employment to the most picturesque characters of the place. Wild West dramas were staged with clock-like regularity in the streets of Foothill and on the sides of the precipitous mountains that formed an awe-inspiring background. The hangers-on of the Foothill saloons received enough, for acting as "supers," to keep them in drinks. They posed as the passengers in the stage hold-ups or as the mob in the lynching scenes which were great favorites with the scenario writers. When there was a "chase" scene staged, which usually consisted of a long, hard run after a horse thief, those of the Foothillers who could ride were paid extra money for the pounding they received in the saddle.

Under such circumstances, it was not long until some of the town residents acquired all the conceits and whims of Broadway stars. Old Mrs. Demaree, who had done the camp's washing from the time the first big strike was made in the Mollie B., had been featured to such an extent as the weeping mother of erring miner sons that she was accumulating a considerable bank account and had told Foothill to send its laundry to Denver—or farther. Mike O'Shaughnessy, the town good-for-naught, who lived in a tiny cabin on the deserted Unca property, was in great demand for "father" roles. Mike had a venerable beard that whitened his vest to the lower button of that garment, and when he clasped to his heart an ingenue in a "M'liss" make-up, the film men fairly jumped for joy, as they knew Mike was getting over the stuff that would bring tears to the eyes of the impressionable patrons of the moving picture shows.

So, on this night, Foothill was celebrating—not hilariously as of old, when the big mines were running full blast, but quietly as became a Center of Thespian Art. But suddenly the town actors congregated at Poker Bill's laid down their cards and set down their glasses. A loud halloo had been heard in the distance.

"I know that yell," said Mike O'Shaughnessy. "'Tis old Packsaddle Pete comin' in from his usual season of unsuccessful prospectin'. Why Pete persists in follerin' that game, at the heels of a ragged and moth-eaten burro, when he could make more money and assimilate a lot more gentility by actin' for the millions like me, is more than I can understand."

"Pete'd make a grand actor in prospectin' roles," said another of the Foothill Dramatic Society.

"He sure looks the part," agreed another super. "Git him 'n' that frazzled burro in front of a picture machine, and the operator'd go gibberin' mad fer joy."

"But he has no soul for art," said Mike disgustedly. "He's turned down a dozen opportunities to win fame as an actor, all on account of this prospectin' bug that's buzzin' beneath his hat. He'll be comin' in and tellin' us how he's had to quit diggin' when he was not more than four feet away from the mother lode, and how he's goin' back next spring and uncover a mine that'll enable him to buy the hull movin' picture business, with us stars thrown in as furniture."

There was a rattling of frying pans and other accoutrement outside as Packsaddle Pete hitched his tattered burro. Nobody was sufficiently interested in Pete's coming to go out and help him fasten his faithful traveling companion. Few looked up when Pete himself burst into the door—a great, sunburnt giant of a man, well in his sixties, but hardy as one just turned forty.

"Come up here, you bum actors—you passel of baskers in the eye of the camery!" shouted Pete, in a voice that re-echoed in the room. "Come up here and have something on me and listen to what Packsaddle Pete's got to tell you about the biggest mine that's ever been struck."

"Ah, yes, Pete, me deah boy," said Mike O'Shaughnessy, laying down a moving picture magazine in which his portrait appeared. "We know all about it, old top. Another one of them mines ye're goin' back after next spring, ain't it?"

"Not much, you pitiful slave to the camery shutter!" boomed Pete, throwing a buckskin sack on the bar. "I've struck her this time. I've got her all staked and branded, and the monuments all up in my name. And I've staked out neighboring claims—all the law allows—for my kin and my real friends."

At this Foothill sat up and looked at Pete in amazement.

"This here looks true," said the barkeep, pouring a stream of shining gold on the bar. "Pete, you've never brung anything like this in here before. Where'd you find it? Let us in on it—that's a good old Petey. We allus liked you—you know we did."

"Yes, you campful of celluloid film spoilers!" said Pete scornfully. "You allus liked me well enough to make fun of me and peg stones at my burro that's standin' outside. But, let me tell you, that animal's goin' to have gold shoes and a chiropodist and a masseur and a tonsorial attendant, while you camery supernumeraries are goin' around beggin' the price of a shave. But I'll tell you where I found it. That's what I came in here for to-night, because the story's too good to keep."

"Where is it?" rose the chorus.

"Easy now," cautioned Pete. "You remember you

fellers was all actin' the mob in that scene up on the Devil's Slide to-day?"

"Yes," said Mike O'Shaughnessy. "It was one of the grandest plays in which I have been featured. It was called 'The Turn of Fortune,' and represented an aged miner, the same bein' me, lost in the hills wid his daughter. He digs fer wather and strikes a spring and a gold mine at the same time. The operator said my manner of discoverin' the gold was very realistic. The boys here was the crowd that come and rescued us from Injuns a little later. But that's immaterial. Go on wid your story."

"Yes, your actin' when you made that discovery was realistic, all right," said Pete. "I had just come down over the trail from the hilltop when I seen all of your foolishness. I and my burro was some tired, anyway, and we sat down to see your play. I seen the hull thing acted out, and it was all my burro could do to keep from hee-hawin' when Mike clasped his faintin' daughter with one arm and dug up the gold with the other."

"Leave out the dramatic criticism," said Mike stiffly, "and go on with your story."

"Well, the criticism's part of it all," said Pete. "If your actin' hadn't been so different from what a man really does when he strikes gold, I'd have gone on without payin' any attention. But I thought I'd go down and see what you had been actin' so plum loony about. It's jest force of habit, you know. I can't go past any rock without seein' what's in it."

"Proceed," said Mike, beginning to whiten about the mouth.

"Well, I saw that you really had uncovered somethin' that looked like a vein. I scraped it off some more, and then pounded up some of the rock and panned it. Here's the gold I got out of a shovelful."

"What!" yelled Mike. "You don't mean to say that I was diggin' on a real gold vein when I was actin' out all that foolishness in front of the camery!"

"You uncovered a vein ten feet wide and a million feet deep and loaded with gold at the grass roots," said Pete.

"That there side hill we've looked on as barren is the richest mountain in this hull range."

There was a sound like thunder as the population of Foothill broke for the door and struggled to get out. Had the camera man been on hand, he could have secured a picture of a real gold stampede. But Mike the actor was too far overcome to join the rush. His head sagged until it rested on the bar.

"Brace up, Mike," said Pete, shaking him. "I've a great consolation for you."

"What is it?" asked Mike hopefully.

"I've named the mine for you," said Packsaddle Pete. "It's goin' to be called the 'Movin' Picture Mike'!"

Scenarios We All Could Write

The Irish Play—In which the brave young Irish laddie is persecuted by English soldiers in red coats.

The Inventor's Play—In which the old inventor's patent is stolen by a wealthy scoundrel, and the hero finally brings the rascal to justice.

The War Drama—In which two brothers love the same girl and enlist on opposing sides. One proves himself a coward and the other a hero. The hero gets the girl.

The Indian Play—In which the white girl falls in love with a dark-eyed young man, who turns out to be an Indian. They part with many tears and much elocution, at the summit of a high ridge, with the sun setting sadly in the background.

The Thief Play—In which the hero is a successful society thief, but decides to give up this means of livelihood for the girl he loves.

The Crook Play—In which all of the hopeless characters are killed or commit suicide at the last.



PARAMOUNT-MACK SENNETT

THE "PUPMOBILE"

In which the youngest member of the cast in "Her Screen Idol" rides into the pictures.



GOLDWYN

A One-Reel Thriller

With Madge Kennedy as the Star

MAID, and man, and a swirling stream.
Perils of Screendom trifling seem
Paired with the dangers here portrayed.
Whether to jump, or whether to wade—
Desperate plight for a summer maid.

Villain's part by the stream is played;
Hear it laugh at the man and maid!
Deep in its depths is a wicked gleam;
Oh, what a hateful, horrible stream!
"You are my prisoner, girl!" A scream.

Rescue role is the man's to play
(All in the work of a summer's day);
Faltering feet, an outstretched hand;
Guidance, caution, and command—
Eyes that meet—and understand.

—A. H. F.

Her Career

By WALT MASON

MAE JUDITH SIMPSON was a peach and entertaining in her speech. A dozen youths, at divers times, when with her, talked of wedding chimes and said they'd gladly blow a plunk for orange wreaths and kindred junk.

"Come to the parson with me, please," they used to say, on bended knees, "and let that learned and pious gun pronounce the words that make us one."

But Judith shooed them all away. "No vows for me," she used to say. "I am a strictly modern maid, and old ideas seem decayed. The old-time damsel's end and aim was just to play the marriage game, and when she had a husband roped, she'd gathered all for which she hoped. And then, content to drudge and slave, she went house-keeping to the grave; for every cent she had to beg and

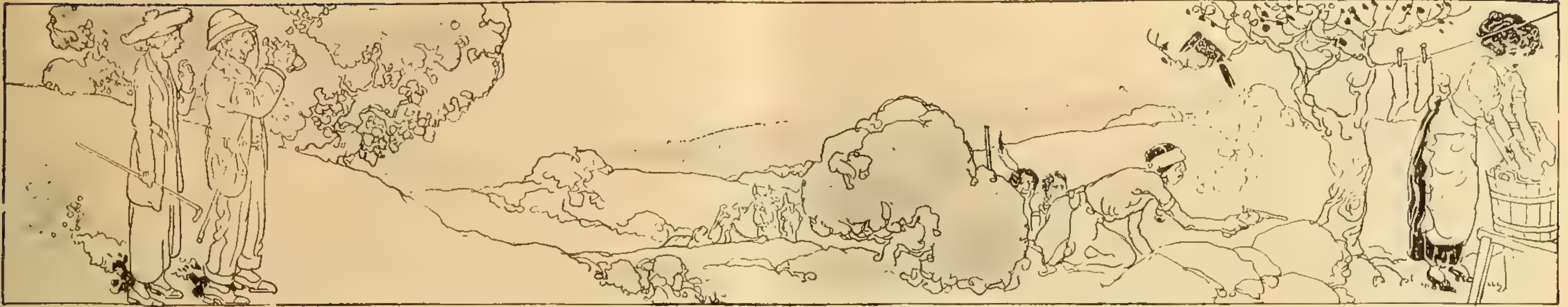
pull her lord and master's leg. I am an independent lass, and I will cut my share of grass; I'll do my little work alone and have the profit for mine own."

Mae Judith Simpson was no fool; she beat the other girls at school and won so many prizes there, the teachers used to gasp and stare. And when the schoolhouse she forsook, she sat right down and wrote a book that made the critics wag their ears, and rival authors sprinkle tears. The lecture platform then she held and in the Bryan line excelled; then started in, with noble rage, to try to elevate the stage. Whatever Judith Simpson did, it placed new feathers in her lid. Success was ever at her heels; she garnered fame and silver wheels.

The years rolled on, and Mae grew old; and sometimes,

(Continued in advertising section)

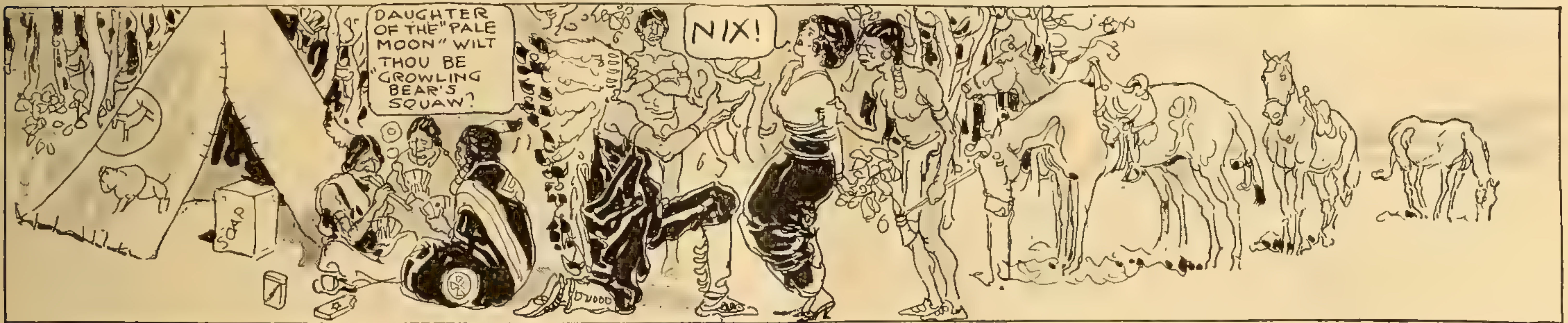
An Impressionistic View



The Englishman sees something of America, as he imagined it.



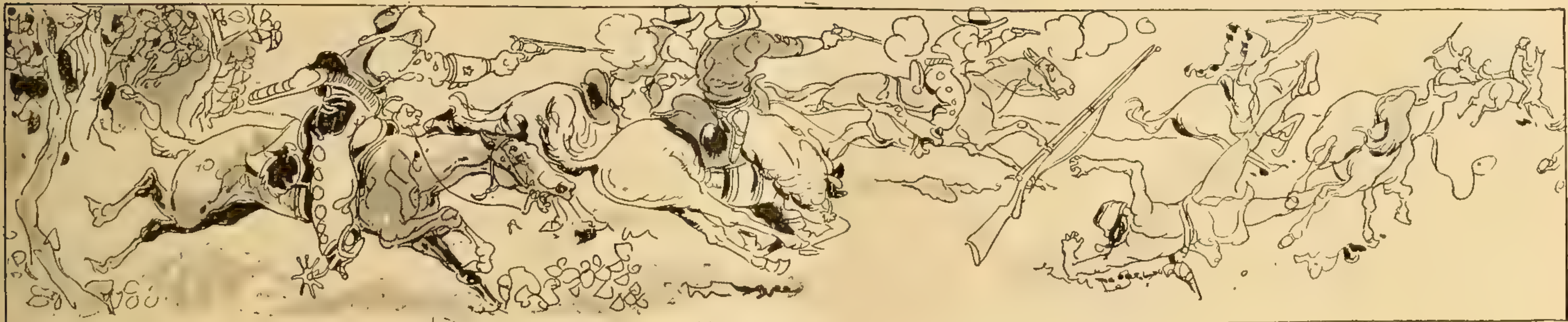
But what must he have thought of this?



And wasn't his idea verified by this?



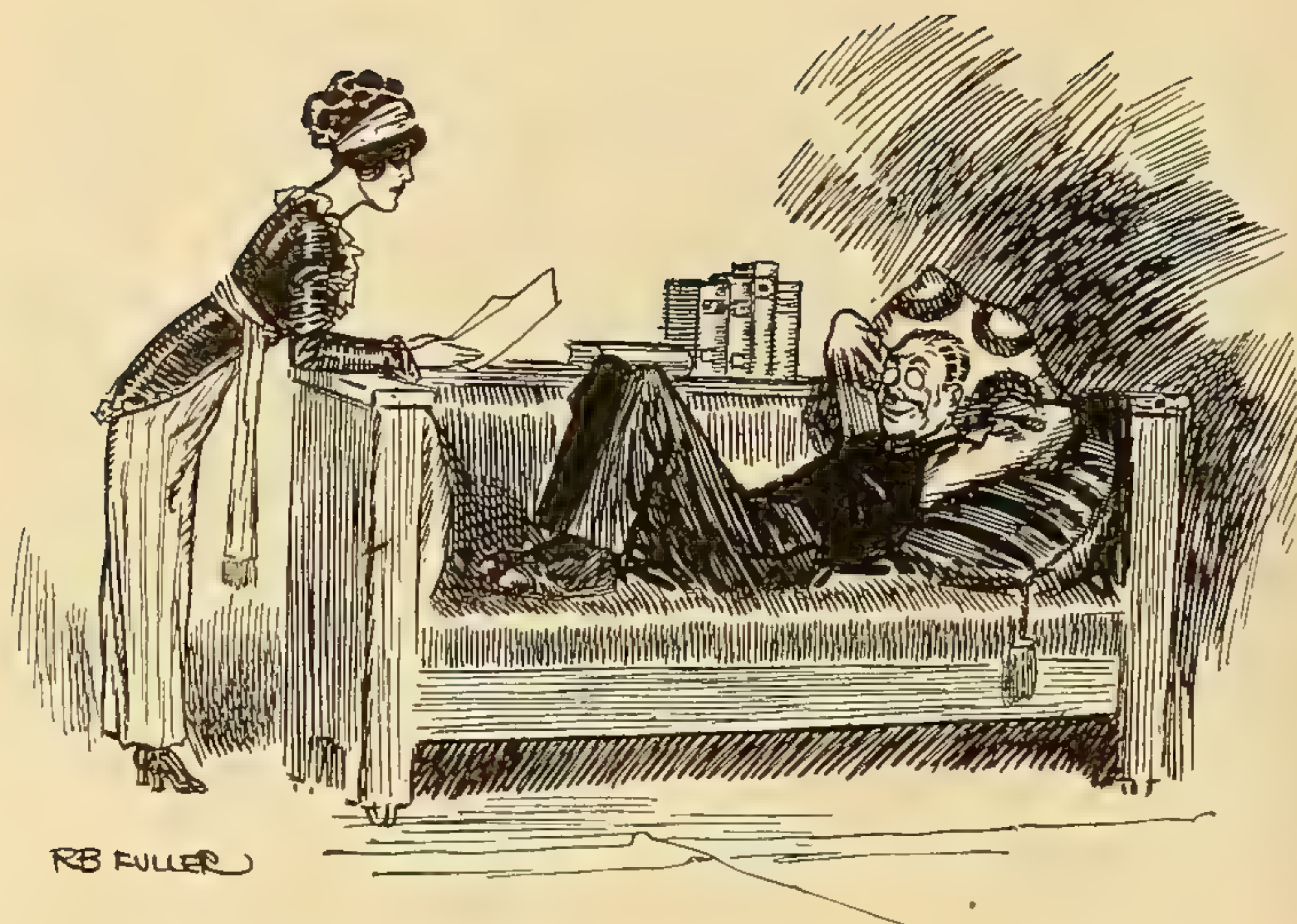
If not, it must have been by this.



And here really was more of the same kind of life.



But it was only a company working for the "movies," after all.



FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING

"John, dear, I'm to be in the amateur movies. What would folks say if I should appear in tights?"

"They would probably say that I married you for your money."

The Precious Thing

"I KNOW you—William S. Tart!"

The words snapped like a ginger snap. The Woman faced her relentless pursuer where he leaned insolently against the mantelpiece. He smiled with maddening calmness as he lit a perfection.

"And why not, pray?" he asked good-naturedly. "Have we not been married these six years?"

"Oh, you know I don't mean it that way!" she flung back. "You can't kid me! You—piker!"

The Man wilted like a wet cruller.

The Woman continued her protest, fighting his cold aloofness. Cold? Yes, the furnace had flivvered. And what a picture she made! Her beautiful red hair wildly awry, her complexion crimson and marred only by a vivid smudge of ink on her cheek. She was a perfect 56.

"Yeh," The Woman went on, her splendid voice now thundering, now squeaking. "You would have me stop and give It up after months of effort. Give It up! No! No! Nnnnnnnno!"

She turned dramatically to where It lay on the camouflage-mahogany table. Impartial, unaccusative, dumb, It lay there while these two fought out a destiny. So still, so white, so helpless!

"Dam!" His elbow had slipped off the mantelpiece.

The Man tossed his butt to the grateful rubber plant and reeled over to her. "Wife," he exclaimed, vainly endeavoring to make his eyes focus on hers, "I shall not leave this room until It is settled, once and for all!" His words cut like an ice pick. "Would you bankrupt me? Quit It! Quit It now! So there!"

He staggered back to the mantel.

The Woman stared like a caught fish. "Then—then, you insist, you are determined?" she queried.

"Posilutely—I mean, absotively!"

"There is no recourse? It is the end?"

"Sure!"

Broken, The Woman again turned to It and stared at It for a full minute, more or less. She slipped into a chair and sobbed, her shoulder blades quivering. "You ask this now," she cried, "after so long! Oh, I cahn't! I cahn't!"

The Man stepped to the table and picked It up and flung It into the fireplace. The flames seized It madly. In an instant It was no more, finished, ended. Good-night.

"Oh, how couldjoo! How couldjoo!"

Then—The Man's reserve slipped from him like an old union suit. His face softening, as if it had been well punched, he went to her side.

"Margaret—Gertie," he begged, "buck up!" He pounded her shoulders tenderly. "It's finished now—let's quit. You've spent a month's salary for stamps, and the postal authorities complained that you clogged the mails. You can't sell that scenario. It's rotten. Come on; let's go to a movie."

She did. They did.

—Arthur C. Brooks.

"Incidental Music"

(By incidental music meaning the inevitable piano at the small-town movie)

For the pathetic parts.....Slam Bang Music

For the funny parts.....Bing Bang Music

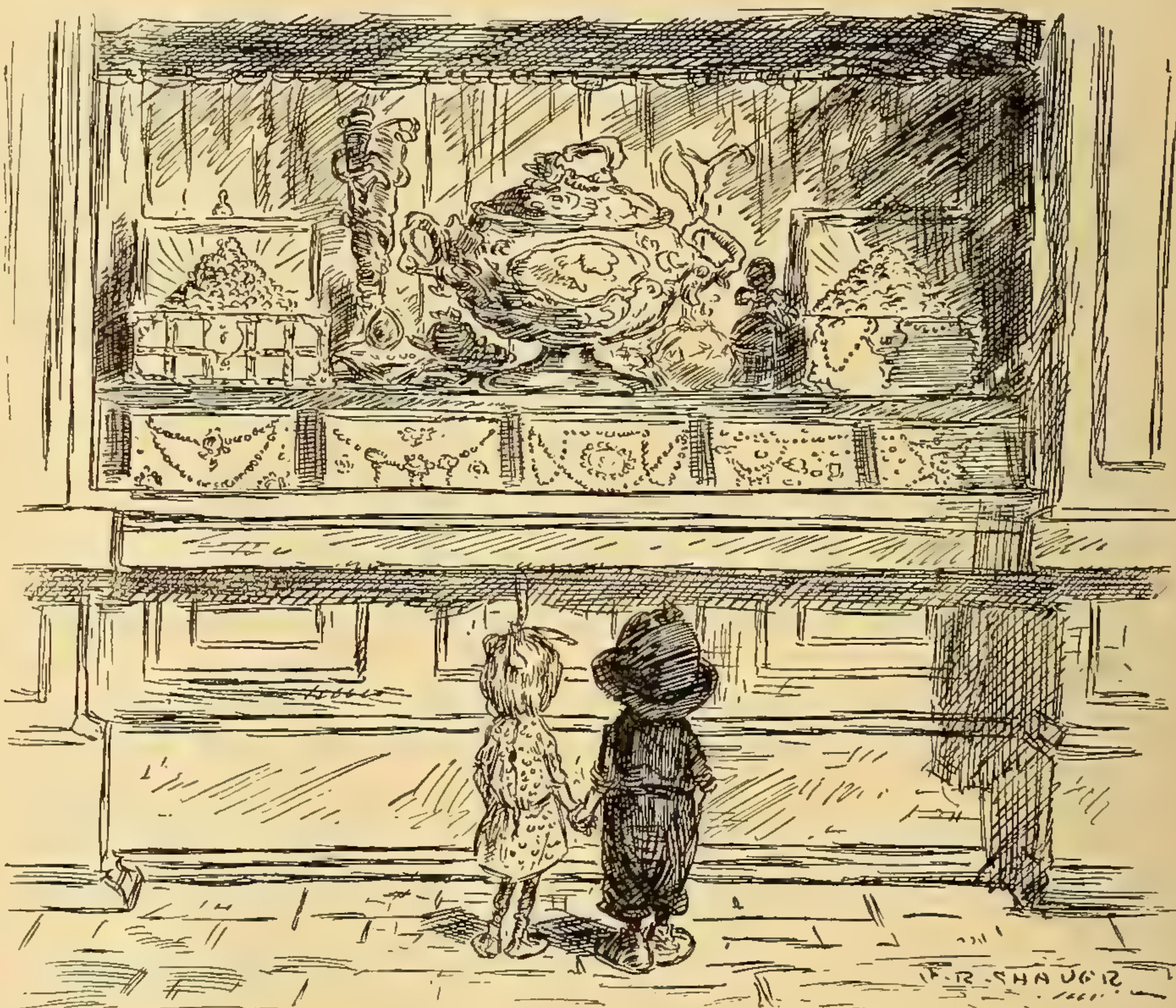
For the intensely exciting parts..Zip Bang Music

For the quiet, domestic scenes...Slap Bang Music

For the love scenes.....Crash Bang Music

For the tragic moments.....Zing Bang Music

For any and all other scenes.....Bang Bang Music



THEY'RE ALL DOING IT

"Never mind, Hortense, just you wait till I've sold that scenario I'm writing."



WHERE IS THE WEST OF THE SCREEN?

Mr. Washington Square, after thoroughly imbibing the western spirit from films by Bill Hart, et al., decides to mingle with the greasers, half-breeds, squaws, and cow punchers of the west. This shows his arrival in Copperopolis, formerly Squaw City, Montana.

The Educational Film

THE proposition to teach by motion pictures in the public schools of America awakens a lively interest in the mind of the small boy. Motion pictures will give to lessons a zest which nothing else could impart, and for the benefit of prosy old educational authorities, we submit a boy's idea of correct scenarios for a course in early American history:

Motion picture of the affair between Captain John Smith, Powhatan and Pocahontas. Show Captain John Smith captured by the Indians, brought in and bound to a stake. He pleads in pantomime for his life, but in vain. Powhatan takes a war club and lops off his head and arms and legs. Pocahontas rushes in, falls at her father's feet in a beseeching attitude and begs for Captain Smith's life. Powhatan relents, and Captain Smith's head, legs and arms reassemble, and he steps out, smiling and complete, to kiss Pocahontas his thanks. Pocahontas and Cap Smith do an Indian One-Step, and—Passed by the Board of Censors.

Motion picture of Governor Peter Stuyvesant protesting against the surrender of New Amsterdam. Show Governor Stuyvesant working himself up into a fine fury over the proposition that he strike his colors. Several Dutch officers come to him, gesticulating and expostulating, and he shoos them off savagely with his upraised cane. At last, highly exasperated, he starts in pursuit of one of them, and his wooden leg goes through a knothole in the floor. Enter the garrison, laughing. Governor Stuyvesant, after trying vainly to pull loose, finally shows by signs that he

will surrender the fort if they will only get him out of the knothole. They do so; after which Stuyvesant unstraps his wooden leg, ties to it a white flag, waves it from the window, and—Passed by the Board of Censors.

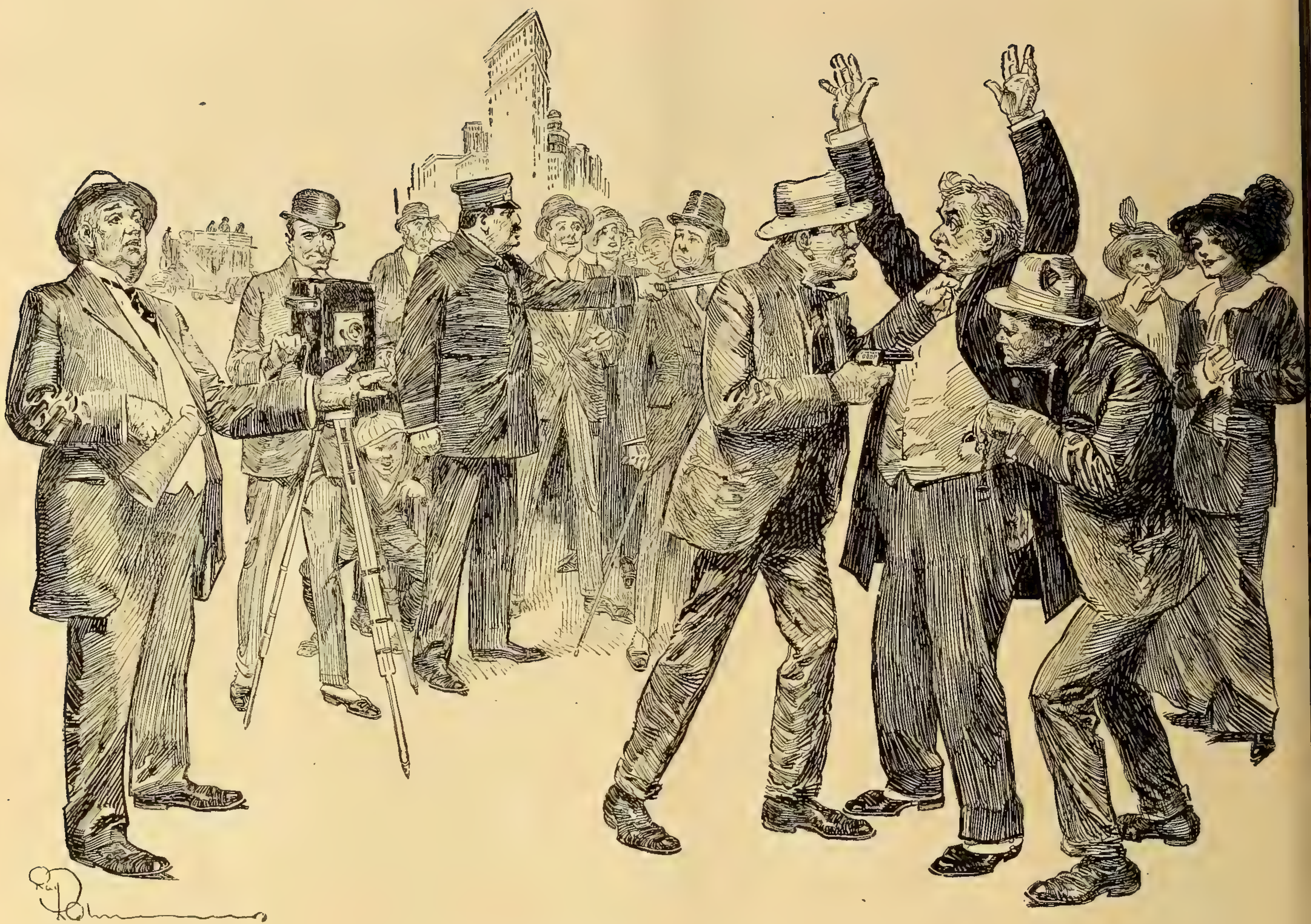
Motion picture of the ride of Paul Revere. Show Paul Revere coming lickitysplit on a motor cycle. He bumps in rapid succession two baby carriages, a pushcart, a fat man who was crossing the road, a deaf old lady, a lame man with a pair of crutches, and a grocer's boy with a basket full of eggs, which break. Show that Paul gets a punctured tire and has to stop by the roadside to make repairs. This gives the angry people whom he bumped time to catch up with him. The nurses hit him with the baby carriages, the pushcart peddler pelts him with bananas, the fat man strikes him with his cane, the dog bites him on the leg, the lame man breaks a crutch over him, and the grocer's boy jams the egg basket down upon his head. Paul runs to Lexington for his life, and—Passed by the Board of Censors.

If motion pictures in the schools are to be successful aids to a juvenile education, they must be like in spirit and treatment those which the kiddies prefer.

Family Album Up to Date

Lives of movie stars remind us
We oblivion may avoid,
And, departing, leave behind us
Life-prints on the celluloid!

—Robert Innis.



SUGGESTION TO "HOLD-UP" MEN

Use a moving picture outfit, thereby avoiding all possible chance of interference from the police.

His Ambition

I ain't a-goin' to be a soldier—no,
Not even a general, though it's great to go
To war an' kill a hundred men or so.

An' I ain't goin' to go away out West,
Where they is Injuns, cowboys an' the rest,
Though I uster think that that 'ud be the best.

Nor I sha'n't be the clown in the circus when
They all can't ride the mule but him, an' then
They all try to, an' get bucked off again.

No, sir! I'm goin' to run a picture show—
The very swellest kind they is, yo' know—
So's, whenever they feel like it, my kids can go!

The Movie Cook Stove

In replying to his wife's suit for divorce, William McCutchen, a traveling salesman, declares his willingness to pay alimony to escape living with his wife, who, he alleges, neglected him for the movies.—
Item of Court News.

THIS is not a new type of court item. The movies have been blamed ere now for little lapses in house-keeping, so it is not surprising to note a further allegation upon the part of the husband that "he had to get his own supper and wash the dishes." Where is this thing

to stop? Where is the movie house manager who will rise to the higher levels of his profession and save homes, as well as provide amusement and relaxation? Should a housekeeping woman be denied the solace and the uplift of the movies? No. On the other hand, should her husband be obliged "to get his own supper and wash the dishes"? Again, no. The solution obviously is a movie theater fitted with a number of kitchen ranges, coal or gas included, for the use of movie patrons who will pay a slight increase over the customary admission fee. To such a theater the housewife brings the evening dinner in its raw state, "puts it on," and enjoys the show while keeping one eye on the potatoes. She fetches her own kitchen ware, keeps it when not in use in a locker hired from the theater, and takes home her husband's dinner, perfectly prepared, in a large basket provided by the management and leased by the month. Thus she sees the show to its last ultimate reel, and thus, likewise, her husband sees his dinner at its regular hour. Given efficiency, the result is felicity. Where is the movie man big-hearted enough, filled with sufficient love of humanity, to strive for and to earn the glorious title of "The Home Saver"? Everybody but lawyers will wring his hand and call him blessed.



PATHE

"Fire the Cook"

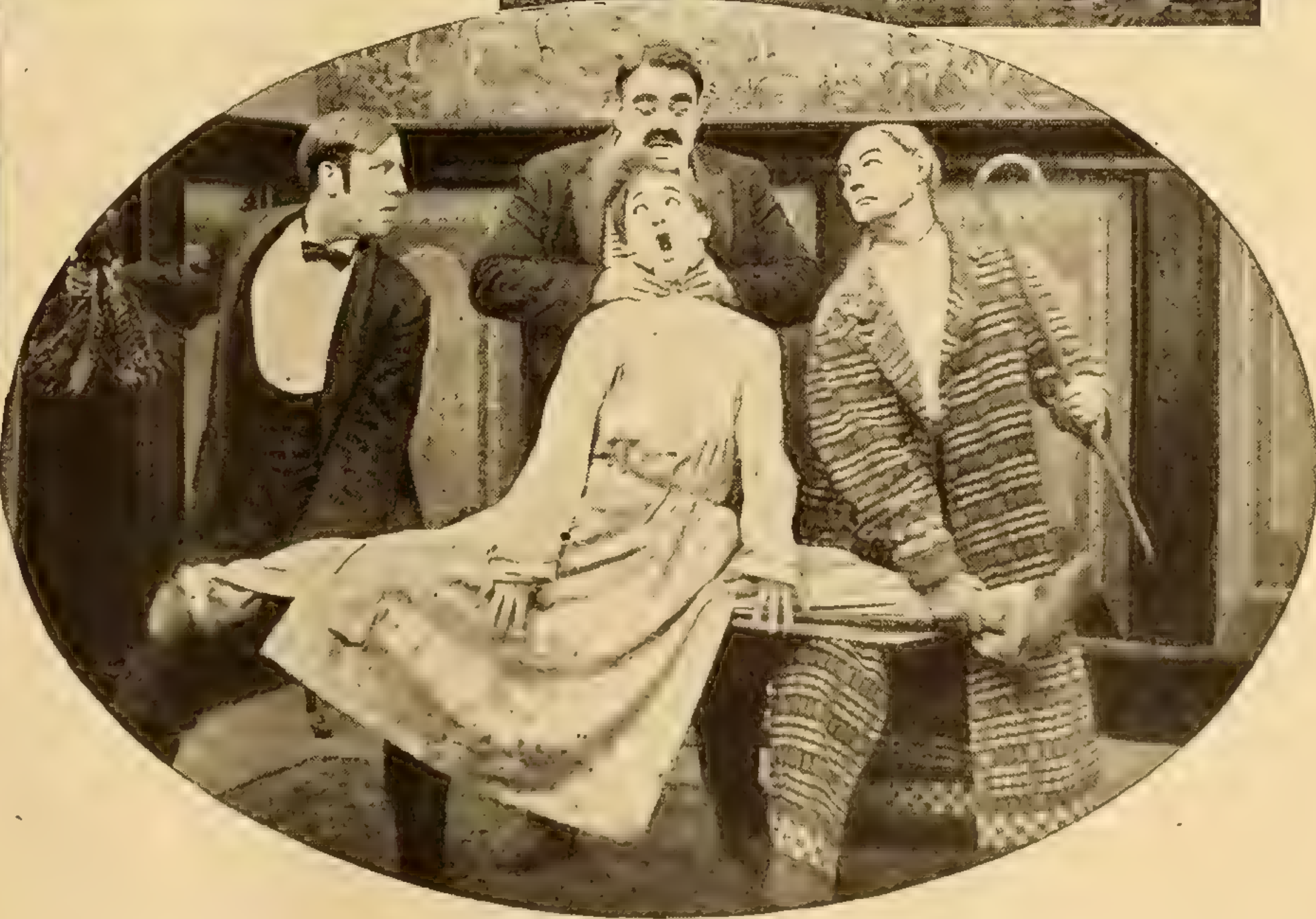
A Toto Comedy

IT is in a millionaire's hangout as it is to-day. All is quiet and serene until it comes time for the old man's breakfast, and then it is about as quiet as New Year's Eve on Broadway. Aside from the gout, lumbago and torpid liver, he is as happy as



the day is long. He decides to have one nice fish for breakfast. While *Cookie* gets ready the batter—and you know batter is one of the old standbys of a one-reel comedy—the playful cat—yes, yes, you guessed it.

But in this millionaire's ranch there is a pool of real water in the conservatory, and in the pool some gold fish, guarantee 18 karat. *Cookie* spears one, and *Mr. Grouch* breakfasts in state and in his pajamas.





Reel One.

"Animated Nature" Films Are Sometimes Staged in the Home Circle



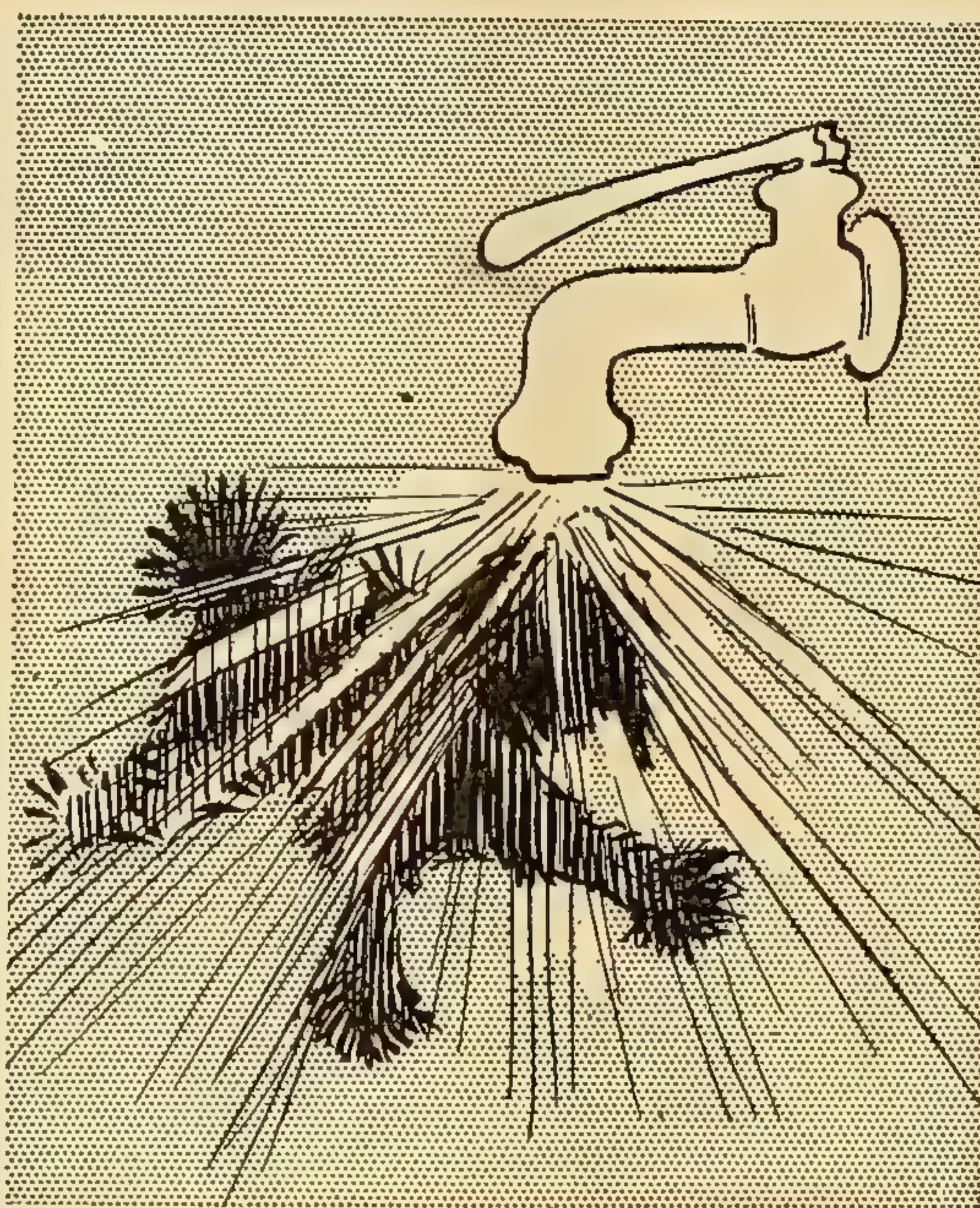
Reel Two.

Movie Variations

THE poor, dumb, idiotic ignoramus who says movies are movies is more to be pitied than the silly fish who wears rubbers and carries an umbrella when the morning paper says "rain before night."

Movies are not movies. There are nearly fifty-seven varieties. Movies are simply nickel-orgies. They followed the era of shifting pictures and are almost as extinct as a dollar-and-a-half shore dinner. Next door, or at best a block away, there are film dramas for a dime, fifteen and twenty-five. Sandwiched in between motion pictures and photoplays we find the Messrs. Whoozis' latest success, "Much To Do for Nothing." A title like that is too good for a movie or photoplay, so they call it a screen version. Next in order comes the cinematograph. Across the street Mr. Wisenheimer advertises a cinema production, while the press agent for "the world's greatest producer" calls his lord and master's product a supreme effort and lets the public guess at the rest. It costs a dollar a guess at the box office and two bucks on the curb. Speculators never bother with ordinary movies.

A person who expects anything more than plain, ordinary movies for a dime has no right to share the blessings of this world. When you cough up a whole bill for somebody's supreme effort, you're entitled to



Reel Three.



"Good night!"

variations. Variations come high, and you've got to pay for them.

There are all kinds of variations. When you lean against one of those supreme efforts for a whole evening, you get more variations than there are bones in a spring shad. Variations range from beating the tom-tom back stage, in illustrating a hulu dance, to rubbing sandpaper for waves on the beach.

When the war came along, it brought another quota of variations, some of which consist of kicking a bass drum, with an accompanying smell of burned powder, or making a noise like a gas motor to illustrate the flight of an American ace over the enemy lines. The orchestra members usually concoct these noises, but they get a chance to loaf when the film unfolds a poison-gas scene. Somebody ought to open a gas jet. Small boys are strong for variations, but most people prefer to take their movies with silence.

Conscientious admirers of the silent drama always check their home troubles with their hats. Their hearts throb like a Diesel engine when the hero tucks a kiss under his sweetheart's left ear, and they're sure they can hear him whisper words of love. But the clever lip reader detects his sweetheart's threat to wallop the big stiff on the mush if he steps on her foot again. There was talk once of movies supplanting the spoken drama, but that was before the high cost of living.



THE STRENUOUS LIFE

Moving picture actor—*Hurry up with that drink! I've just been thrown over a precipice, packed in a trunk, shipwrecked, dropped out of a balloon, and burned at the stake, and I'm thirsty!*

Charlie Chaplin

By W. R. Hoefler

I met him near a movie place, this fat man, full of glee. A grin was chasing o'er his face. He cackled, "Hee-hee-hee!" He laughed so hard I thought he'd choke, and said to him: "Old chap, pray tell me what's the blooming joke that wrinkles up your map." "Oh! Ho-ho-ho!" the man replied. "Ha-ha! Why, sir, I saw a film that made me bust my side; this Chaplin; haw-haw-haw!" The tears were streaming from his eye. He roared and shook his head. I wondered if this Chaplin guy was funny as he said. "I'll see this Chaplin if I can," quoth I, and ambled in; and soon appeared the funny man who makes a nation grin. His shoes were large, his mustache small; he swung a bamboo stick; and then I saw that wasn't all—he also swung a brick. His gait was not a walk or run; he moved with gliding hop.

He started rows with everyone and nearly killed a cop. He stole another fellow's girl. He tipped his funny lid, and when he ran and tried to whirl, I roared to see him skid. He ambled gayly through the park; he robbed a fellow's purse. He stole a baby for a lark and kissed the baby's nurse. He made me smile, he made me grin, he made me howl and roar. My seat gave 'way amid the din; I rolled about the floor. A girl beside me looked severe, then smiled, then giggled loud. A matron snickered in my ear and joined the roaring crowd. A man behind me laughed so hard, he cracked beneath the strain. An usher, later, said he died of Chaplin on the brain. Oh,

Charlie is the laughter king! He rules with mirthful sway. Some others pull the Chaplin thing, but not the Chaplin way. They ape the funny Chaplin gait; they try to dress the part; but one thing none can imitate is Charlie Chaplin's art.



FUTURE FILM STARS
Willyum Tell—*Shut yer mouth, Mickey! It looks just like an apple.*



"Blindfolded"



IN Bessie Barriscale's Paralta play, "Blindfolded," she gives a delightful portrayal of *Peggy Muldoon*, a girl raised to the belief that no man ever gained riches honestly, and therefore it is no real wrong to rob those who have wealth. From the pages of Emerson she learns a new standard of moral ethics and astounds the



Peggy takes her post-graduate course in the gentle art of "cracking a safe."



"Ah, gee, get a can-opener!"

"This is my last day in jail; now I am going straight."

gang she is working with by "going straight." How she meets and falls in love with a young bank clerk and how she does not know that he was formerly a member of the old gang, until the crucial moment comes, forms one of the most fascinating screen portrayals in which this delightful star has ever appeared.



A shadow from the past.



PARALTA

The real criminal is forced to face the man who knows.



Peggy realizes what Emerson meant by "Happy will that house be in which relations are formed from character."



SATURDAY NIGHT—SMALL TOWN

"Did yuh git th' fish fer t'morra?" "Uh-huh." "An' th' cabbage?" "Uh-huh." "An' th' cheese an' th' onions?" "Yep." "Well, come on: let's go to a movin' picture show."

Overheard at the Movies

What Mazie says to Bill—I don't think she's so awfully pretty, do you? It's just the way she rolls her eyes, and anybody can do that. She looks something like my cousin, Ellabelle Blitz, and I never thought *she* was pretty, goodness knows. I don't know what people see in these film stars, anyway. Lots and lots of girls off the stage have prettier faces, don't you think so?

A middle-aged patron to his wife—What? Who? Oh, the girl in the picture! Yes, I think she's got kind of a pretty face. But, say, here's what I want to know. What in thunder is it that keeps her dress from falling off? What? No, I have *not* any personal interest in such things. I'm simply asking for cold-blooded information.

A middle-aged woman to her husband—I don't see how you can rave over her at all. I *used* to think she was pretty and sweet, but ever since her husband got a divorce from her—I read about it in the papers last week—I'm just through with her. The idea of a divorced woman capering

about with her hair down her back and playing those innocent little schoolgirl parts! It's disgusting!

Somebody in back of you to somebody else—Oh, ain't she lovely! Gee, I think she's lovely! I think she's just the loveliest thing! Say, don't *you* think she's the loveliest thing? Oh, *I* do! *Why* don't you? *Why* don't you think she's lovely? I always come when *she's* here. Gee, I don't see *how* you can say she ain't lovely! Just look at her in that scene now. Honest, I don't see how you can say *she* ain't lovely! Gee, I wish we could go round to the stage door and wait for 'em to come out, the way we uster in the stock companies. I think she's lovely. (*Continues indefinitely.*)

Every girl to herself—Betcha *I* could do as good as she does, 'f I had the chance.

What Ed says to Bill—Some kiddo, ain't she, Bill? You said it!

Lizzie, 37, to Emma, 39—I think she has a *very* ordinary figure!



Telling About the Picture

(You can supply the essential words yourself; probably you have heard them often)

“O H, I enjoyed it ever so much! Really, it was one of the best movies I ever saw. You see, the story was about a _____ and a— Willie, if you don’t stop wriggling in your chair, mamma will send you away from the table! Yes, I mean it. Well, this _____ and _____ and this other man, he _____ and then, when this first one I was telling you about, not the other one, saw that he _____ and _____ I *am* telling you about it just as fast as I can. If you don’t care to listen, you don’t need to, but you don’t have to be rude about it.

“Well, then they showed on the screen the _____ and the girl _____ not the girl who had the secret formula, but the other one who _____ and she— No, Eleanor, you may not have another piece of steak, and if you interrupt mamma again, you shall have no dessert. Well— Oh, there is one part I forgot to tell you about! At the very beginning there was a _____ and a _____ and it seems this girl was his own daughter, although nobody knew it but the man everyone thought was dead. No, not the first man; the man who came into the log cabin and hid the birth certificate under the hearthstone. Don’t you pay *any* attention at all to what I am saying?

“Why don’t I get to the interesting part? Well, I’m *trying* to get there just as fast as I can. Willie, if you don’t stop jiggling those tea spoons— Now I’ve forgotten where I was. No, there isn’t any train wreck in this picture. Is that all you care about—train wrecks? Well, when this girl found she was alone with the Baron in the

old _____ and _____ and cellar full of rats, she screamed _____ and _____ and he grabbed— George, I passed over the fact that you yawned three times, but when you start to push your chair back from the table while I am trying to talk, I think’——

(This story has no end, but white paper is expensive)

The Humor Test

“The principal thing, after all, about film humor is to recognize it when you see it.”—*Sidney Drew.*

If in doubt, wait until the pie is thrown; then you may know for sure that it is not a “vampire” film you are watching. A few simple rules, carefully memorized, will enable anyone to recognize film humor, with a little practice. A film is funny

When sweaters are worn with dress suits.

When policemen wear chin whiskers.

When motor cars run around in circles.

When boxing gloves contain horseshoes.

When little men carry pianos upstairs.

When fat men carry light bamboo canes.

These will be enough for the first lessons. It is but fair to Sidney Drew, however, to add that none of his film humor is responsive to such tests.

Victory for the Allies

Chicago, “the censorist village of the plain,” is rejoicing over the suspension of its big-chief censor, Major Funkhauser, by the acting chief-of-police. Some of the fans refer to the joyful event as a glorious victory for the Allies. You may remember “Der Major” was much aghast at Mary Pickford’s “The Little American” and fought against its presentation. Raus mit der Maje!

To Look Like Mary Pickford

OH, Mabel wants, though short and fat,
To look like Mary Pickford!
And Stella wants, though tall and flat,
To look like Mary Pickford!
And Elsie, who is very plain,
But, nonetheless, extremely vain,
Attempts, with all her might and main,
To look like Mary Pickford!

Oh, Cora wants, though poppy-eyed,
To look like Mary Pickford!
And Edna wants (her mouth is wide!)
To look like Mary Pickford!
And Fanny, freckled from her birth,
Arousing sympathy or mirth,
Desires, above all else on earth,
To look like Mary Pickford!

Although it may be nice, of course,
To look like Mary Pickford,
It makes some happy, others cross,
To look like Mary Pickford!
Note my opinion, you who read:
To wed have Kate and I agreed;
She is so sweet, she does not need
To look like Mary Pickford!

—Harold Seton.

The Quest of the "Scenario"

TIME was when the picture-puzzle fad held us fast in its jig-saw grip. Earlier still, the croquet expert wicketed himself in the glow of public attention. And there once was a day when a natty pair of side-burns sufficed to establish one securely upon a high rung of the social ladder. But, to-day, the fad du monde is to create moving picture plots, or, to lapse into semi-technical diction, "scenarios." FILM FUN gives below a sample scenario, written by one of our readers, a mere boy of twenty-one years, with no preparation other than a college education:

THE LOST DIGAMMA

A Too-real Scenario in Three Quivers

Scene 1—ones' comes down to breakfast. As he enters, his wife leaps from behind the door and deals him a



A CLOSE-UP

The Actor—*Most extraordinary dream I'm having! I seem to have gone into the movies.*

vicious blow with a rolling pin. (This is always tremendously funny.) The cook enters, carrying six dozen dishes, which she conveniently drops on Jones's head, thus pulling down the icebox, sideboard, china cabinet and, accidentally, one paper wall of the home.

Scene 2—Jones is now a full-fledged cowboy—cocker spaniel trousers, spurs and all. (There doesn't seem to be much connection between these two scenes, but that will develop in due time.) Jones is pursued by three very red-faced Indians, who stop now and then to let him keep ahead, as he has a slower horse. Gully-eyed Bobbo, the half-breed villain, comes upon the scene of action, rolls his eyes until you think they're going to pop out of their sockets and shakes his fist at the Belle Center church, five miles away. (He simply must shake his fist. No picture is complete without a fist-shaking villain.)

Scene 3—Jones comes into his downtown office. Sees Smith in the act of cutting the front out of his cardboard safe with a paper cutter. Smith stabs Jones. Office boy stabs Smith. Mrs. Jones cuts throat of office boy. Mrs. Smith enters, and the two women pull each other's hair. (This always creates a riot of laughter.) The toreador (now we see the connection) finds the gold on the center of the dining-room table, where it had been hidden for over twenty years. Bessie lives with her grandfather in her old age.

(Approved by Those Bored of
Censorship)

Absent

Come along to the "movies." Follow the crowd. We sob when it sobs, and, in turn, laugh aloud. Our hearts freely leap to the maid on the curtain, whose job is to weep when her feelin's are hurtin'. We pity the chap who has landed in prison—would gladly exchange all our pleasures for his'n. But where is the fellow with pity to feel for the soul in the coop who is turning the reel?

Direct from the Front

"Camouflage" is what makes Fanny Ward appear young enough to be her own daughter.



The Unpopular Movies.



SEEING NEW YORK

Hostess (to Western relation who supposed New York consisted of the Great White Way) — Cousin Jim, here is some lobster salad I had John get especially for you at the delicatessen store. After dinner we can go to a moving picture show, and then to-night I will make up a bed for you on the couch. We do hope you will enjoy your visit to New York.

Seeing Battles Over Again

By ERNEST A. DENCH

BATTLES and other things associated with warfare seem to hold a particular charm for film producers. Probably it is because they satisfy their eternal lust for rapid action. The best critic of their work is the veteran who has participated in the originals of some of these staged battles.

"What gets over me," said an old veteran, "is why these here film men spoil a good, thrilling picture of some particular battle by introducing some sloppy love affair. Fiction is all very well in its place, but when I see a film advertised as 'The Battle of So-and-So,' I naturally expect it to be purely a war spectacle."

Continuing, he remarked: "Some pictures, by their errors, annoy me so much that it is a wonder I have the patience to sit them through. The ignorance displayed would disgrace the average schoolboy. In one picture of British army life I recall to mind I found the infantry wearing spurs, while the sergeant-major struts in conceitedly with nine medals on his tunic, but he was silly enough to wear his Victoria Cross on the wrong side. In a Civil War drama I noticed a soldier rushing to save his comrades, but he actually passed several motor cars on the way! But even worse was a film which depicted 'The Battle of Naseby.' The scene in particular was a field, in which a stiff fight between Royalists and Roundheads took

place. My attention was distracted from the doings of Cromwell's men to an express train passing along in the background!

"The producer has a similar pitfall in an American Revolution film. The soldiers wore uniforms that were not adopted until forty years after, while the roads the men marched through were actually equipped with telegraph poles and wires!

"A court-martial figured in a drama. Twice the number of members permitted by British army regulations were introduced. And the uniforms—well, their wearers looked as though they had just come from a fancy-dress ball!

"Very few photoplays respect the ranks of our defenders from soldiers up to the officers. Apparently all are on the same level.

"Napoleon, in a much boomed production, resembled the Emperor about as much as Lord Kitchener did. On the horses were saddles, some bearing the E. R. sign, others G. R.; yet both were a hundred years before their time. The soldiers were the most lifeless regiment I have yet seen. On being shot, they fell down like mechanical dolls, but first hesitated where they should fall. Evidently they weren't taking any risks. Several put their helmets over their eyes as a protection from the glaring sun. Of course, they were supers, caring little else but for their

several dollars a day; but it is a pity that the producers do not take care to secure a more military-looking set of men. A good idea would be to organize a film army with suitable raw hands. They could receive the same training as an ordinary soldier, and when they are efficient, their services could be hired by the different film companies.

"A retired officer like me would drill them, and when a war production is in progress, our expert advice would be at their disposal. This would mean that there would be an end to all the silly errors that at present abound at the photoplay theaters. I do not wonder that the British army authorities decline to loan any of their soldiers to the producers. The pictures are said to portray real life, but 'reel' (this with a smile) life is evidently something quite different."

Soliloquy of the Director

To think or not to think—
That is the question.
Suffering Props! If I only
Could make 'em think!
Before I went into
The Movies,
I used to hunt Ivory
And couldn't find any;
But now
It's different.
All the Ivory in the World
Is Assembled in this
Piece!
Gee! my Head aches
And
I'm Tired and Sad and
My Edges are Frayed out
And
I'm Hungry and Sleepy
And
The Star is acting like a Sick Cat
Because her Neck
Is Sunburned.
The Leading Man looks like
A Wooden Gargoyle,
And
The Heavy, as an Actor, is the best
Dog Catcher
I ever saw!
The Juvenile is
A Piece of Cheese,
And
The Extras are almost as
Intelligent as
Fried Eggs!
This story is a cross between
A Nightmare and a picture
Of
The Dismal Swamp!
I wish I had a good job
Collecting ashes.
Good-night!



MOON COMEDIES

There is never a dull moment in "His Finish" from the time when the father of the girl institutes a contest between her rival suitors. She agrees to marry the one who devises the best method to catch the Kaiser.

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THAT sum will buy a Liberty Bond, and here's an easy way for five of you to earn it. Five prizes, each \$100 cash, will be paid for criticisms of Moon Comedies, shown on the Proctor and Loew circuits, and in most movie theaters of New York and neighboring cities. See them, write your criticism briefly, and send to "Contest Editor, Moon Comedies, care Sunshine Films, Inc., 126 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City, N. Y." Your full name and home address must be on the manuscript. The contest closes October 1st, and payment to the five fortunate ones will be made October 15th, 1918. The judges—Mr. M. Binham, 22 North William Street, and Mr. S. Wald, 2653 Decatur Street, N. Y. City, and Mr. H. Jensen, 37-A Cooper St., Brooklyn—who have no connection with Sunshine Films, Inc., will designate the five most skillfully constructed criticisms. Pamphlets descriptive of comedies as they appear are obtainable free of charge at ticket offices of moving picture houses and at the above-mentioned office of Sunshine Film, Inc.



"Their Unexpected Job" pictures the fortunes—and misfortunes—of two alert comedians who read about the "Fight or Work" order, and do not feel like doing either. Their adventures include this entertainment in their honor given by the lady who aided in their supposed rescue from a submarine.



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Comments and Criticisms of a Free Lance

(Continued from a previous page)

were so thoroughly rehearsed that no direction was given when the different scenes were photographed. "Before the camera, the player has nothing to think about except the director's instructions," says Mr. Belasco, which shows how pitifully little he knows about it. As to the "inspiration of an audience" being necessary for good acting, did Mr. Belasco ever have an actor in his employ who said: "I cannot rehearse. I'm never any good at rehearsal, but I'll be all right at the performance"? Did Mr. Belasco ever know an actor who was no good at rehearsal who was any good at the performance? "The hero must be cast in the mold of an Apollo." How about Bill Hart, George Beban and Charlie Chaplin? Where would the pretty boys, such as Francis Bushman, J. Warren Kerrigan or Carlyle Blackwell, figure in a popularity contest with these three?

"Deep emotions, when they are faithfully expressed, tend to distort the features and intensify the facial line," continues Mr. Belasco. That is true in some cases. Emily Stevens illustrates this point, and Emily Stevens is annoying on the screen to some on that account. But no pretty little nonentity gets away with the effect of emotion, either. She is equally annoying, unless she has temperament or intelligence. Mr. Belasco seems to overlook the fact that brains show in the face; that thought or feeling is not merely a matter of screwing up the muscles of the face. Intelligence, thought and feeling are recorded by the camera without the necessity of facial distortions. Even hands on the screen express stupidity or intelligence.

The Way of the Spendthrift

Mr. Belasco thinks he could produce a picture telling his story "not by a correlation of incidents," but by the facial expression of the actors, and not use the "close-up." He'll be a wiser man after he has tried it. And he'll be wiser yet after taking all the scenes in a picture "consecutively," as he says he'd do. He would not have money enough left to ever take another one. Imagine taking one scene—an interior in the studio—then going forty miles to take an exterior, back to the studio,

forty miles to the location, and so on for forty scenes, which is just one contingency that might arise! Mr. Belasco is also ambitious to regulate a picture's speed of projection. To do this he would have to maintain a corps of expensive operators and control his own theaters. A "cold picture of life" the screen is destined to remain, concludes this famous theatrical manager. No, no! It has not been so in the past, is not in the present and will not be in the future. I have seen as genuine and as copious tears shed and heard as hearty laughter at the showing of a motion picture as ever obtained during the acting of any one of the hundreds of plays I have witnessed. The motion picture has borrowed from other arts, but the theater has at least borrowed from literature, of which fact perhaps Mr. Belasco is aware. If Mr. Belasco ever condescends to honor the motion picture profession by making a production of his own, I hope he will forget about "Tiger Rose"!

Her Career

(Continued from a previous page)

mid her wreaths and gold, she'd watch a wife and husband go, with children, to the movie show—some good, fat wife, who never yearned, in whom no high ambitions burned; who was content to wear old lids and rear a bunch of hungry kids; some dowdy housewife, frayed and poor, whose feet had walked in paths obscure.

And Mae would view this toilworn dame, an ancient shawl upon her frame, as she went waddling with her hub, fresh from the stove or washing tub; and Mae would heave a mighty sigh and shed a tear from her left eye.

Then tawdry all her honors seemed, and vain the things of which she'd dreamed. She had diplomas in her room, but no old withered orange bloom; and she had medals in her chest, but no man's arm on which to rest; and she had gems to pick and choose, but no worn pair of baby's shoes. And, through a blinding mist of tears, she looked back on the vanished years and wished again young men might kneel and beg her, with true lovers' zeal, to name the day on which they'd find true bliss and leave all grief behind.

Meanwhile the wife and husband go, with kiddies, to the movie show.

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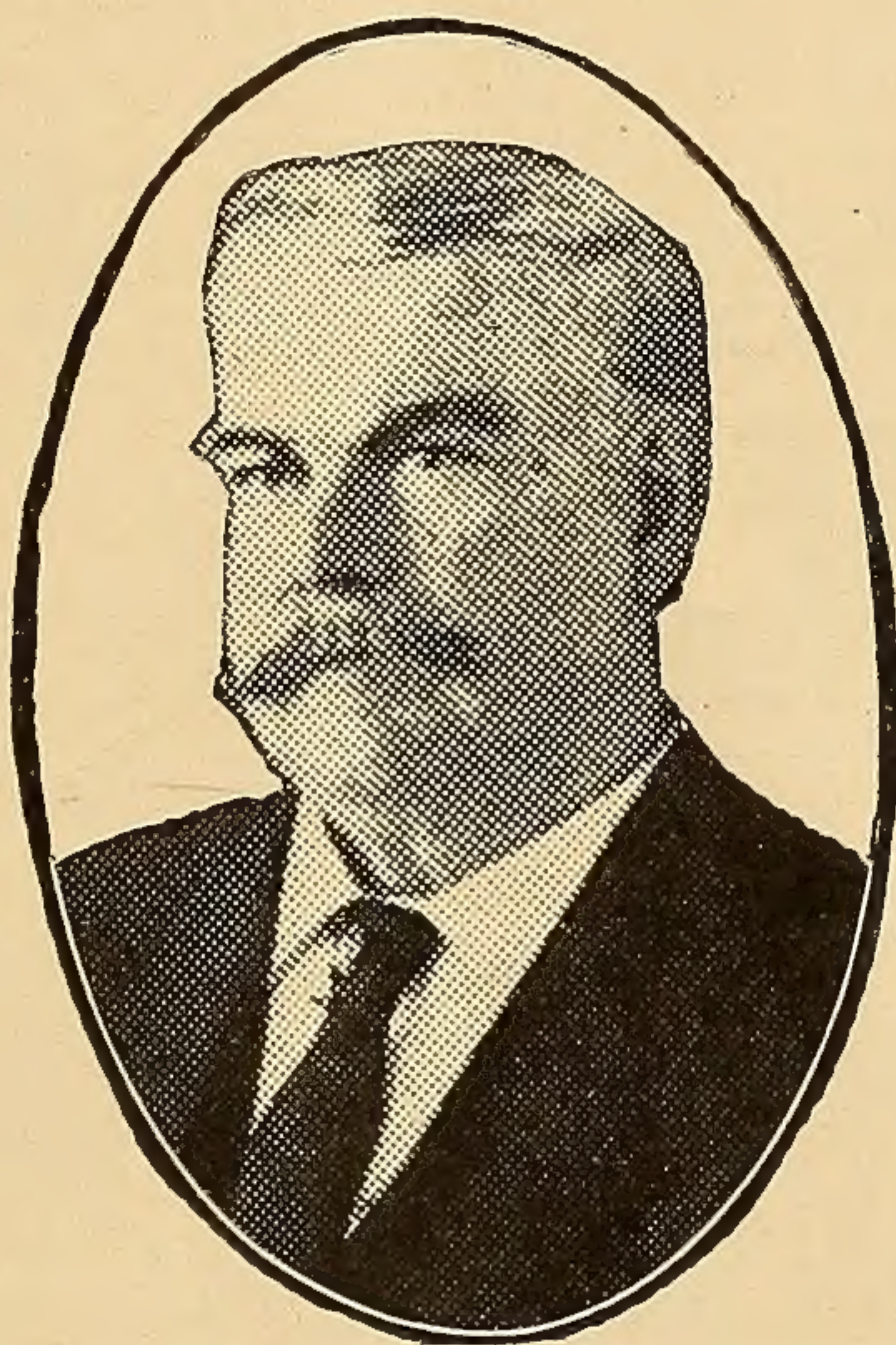
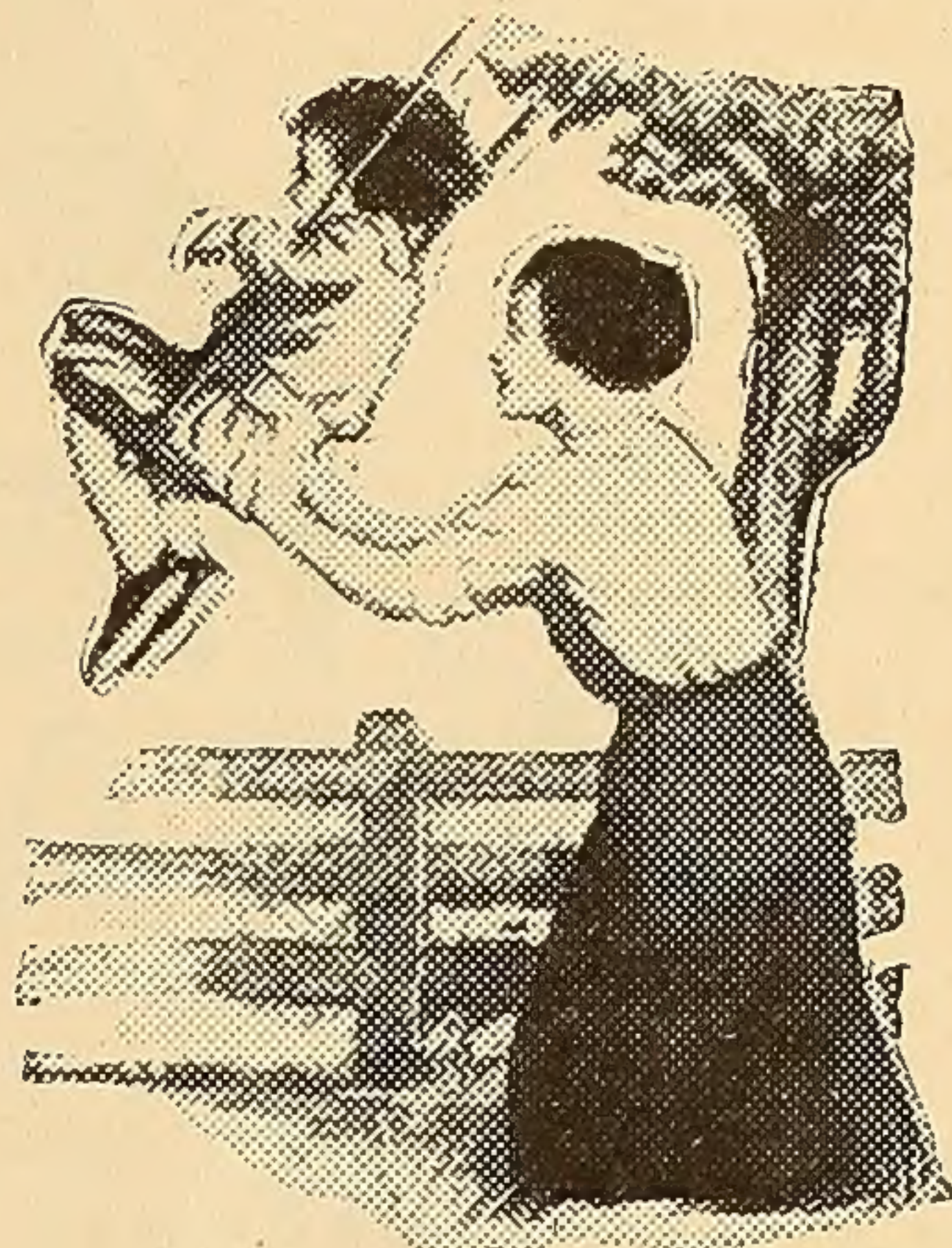
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"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked are responsible for another grave iron loss.

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But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate, or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children, is alas, not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may

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Film Fun



W. S. S. COST DURING 1918			
Sept.	\$4.20	Nov.	\$4.22
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Who's Who and Where



GOLDWYN

"The Three Goldwyn Graces"—Madge Kennedy, Geraldine Farrar and Mae Marsh.

Mitchell Lewis and his director, Bertram Bracken, have been busily engaged at Idlewild, Cal., in filming exterior scenes for the new feature production. The play isn't named yet, but the play affords opportunities for good work surpassing "The Barrier" or "The Sign Invisible." The supporting cast includes Tom Santschi, Vivian Rich and Margaret Landis.

Two new Hayakawa pictures are soon to be released through Mutual. They are productions of the Haworth Company, under the star's own direction. In "His Birthright," Marion Sais is leading lady, and Tsuru Aoki, the talented wife of the star, has an important role. "The Temple of Dusk" includes the appearance of a bevy of charming Nipponese Geisha girls in native dances.

A series of articles dealing with the making of photoplays, written by Will M. Ritchey, is soon to appear. This will be good news to the large and growing army of "intending" scenario writers. Material of this sort is in great demand. "Film Folks," by Rob Wagner, recently published by The Century Company, supplies valuable information as well as amusement. With these books, due diligence and patience, success is assured sooner or later.

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It isn't the hooray of a campaign that wins a war. It's the will to hang on, to make sacrifice today, that tomorrow may bring victory.

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If you have to have money, take your bond to any bank and use it as collateral for a loan. There is no security the banker would rather have—nothing on which he will lend more willingly.

Don't use bonds to buy merchandise. The average merchant, accepting your bonds in trade, sells them immediately, thus tending to lower their market price and taking away from the buyer of your bonds the ability to lend a corresponding amount of money to his Government. Liberty Bonds are meant to help your country at War; are meant for investment and to provide an incentive for saving and a provision for the rainy day.

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UNITED STATES TREASURY DEPARTMENT

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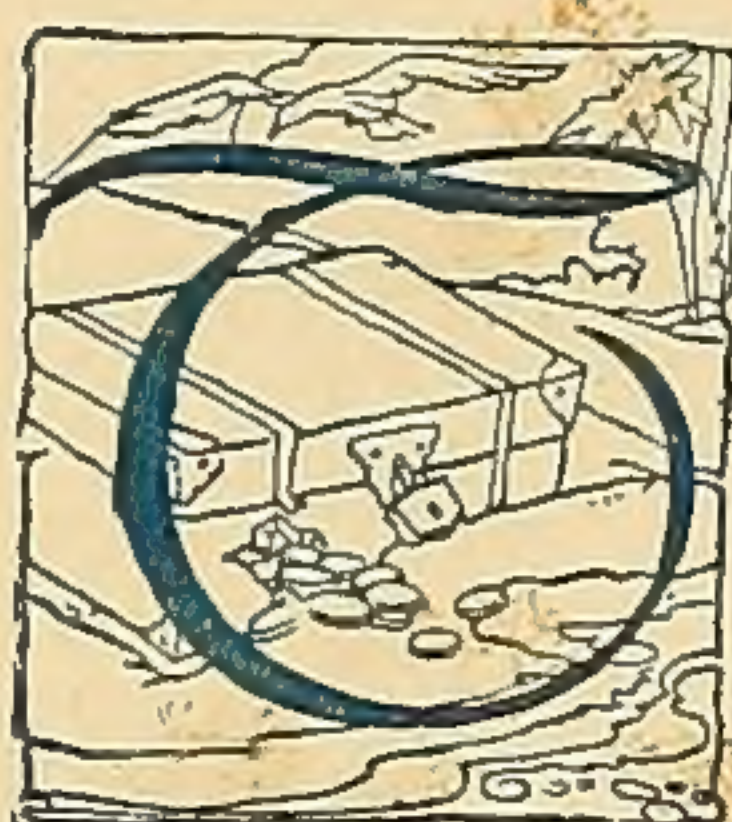
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Firefly of France", "His Majesty Bunker Bean", "The Varmint", Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird", "M'liss", "Resurrection", and literally scores upon scores of others.

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